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TO READ
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OPENING CHAPTERS
OF
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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE GAME THAT WAS TAKEN IN THE CELLAR.

THERE was a subdued sound of voices in the cellar below, which satisfied Dick that neither of the thieves had been injured to any serious extent in his sudden fall. So his mind was easy, as he did not wish them to be in bodily pain; and he applied himself to the perusal of "Dare-Devil Jack" with boyish interest, while he counted the hours that would elapse till daylight.

And now let us go below and see what the thieves are about.

To say they were astonished when the trap door gave way beneath them, is to state the case very moderately; it seemed to both of them that they had tumbled into a bottomless pit, and one of them said afterwards that he really believed at the time that he had gone down five hundred feet at least. They brought up on the floor of the cellar 'all of a heap;' their light was extinguished, the lantern broken, and they had no means of making a fresh light, all the materials for that purpose being in the coats that were left above. One of them suggested that they might ask the bloke up there to toss 'em their coats, but he didn't believe they'd get 'em.

As soon as they had gathered their senses, they groped about and soon made out the size of their prison and also its height. There was nothing to stand on, and the hard-hearted owner had not even provided straw for them to lie on, which would have rendered the place less unbearable. By standing on tip-toe they could just touch the bottom of the trap door with the ends of their fingers.

Feeling cautiously about they found that the hinges which supported the trap, and on which it swung, were on the lower side and just within their reach. Their tools had fallen into the pit with them; they included a jimmy, a screw driver, some wedges and files and a few other articles which it is hardly necessary to describe.

The thieves held a whispered consultation and concluded to try to make their exit by the trap door. Exactly how they could do so they could not determine, but anything was better than being shut up like caged rats. As nearly as they could make out, the bolts that held the trap door in place were on the side opposite the hinges, and with these removed the door would probably fall into the pit and give an opening to the store above.

One of them lay down on the cold floor of the cellar to serve as a standing-place for the other, and enable him to use his hands in removing the screws that held the hinges. The screws were large and firmly set, and it took some time and much effort to loosen them; but loosened they were on one of the hinges in course of time. Then the men changed places, as the one below had become thoroughly tired of acting as foot-stool or step-ladder for the other.

Dick read page after page of the book, and had become well informed as to the nature and uses of the jimmy, the tool with which burglars pry open the doors or remove the sides of safes. His candle was burning low, but he did not observe it, nor did he see that one corner of the trap-door had sunk below its proper level, owing to the removal of the hinge.

Daylight was breaking. Five minutes more and the robbers would have the trap-door loosened, which served as the entrance to their prison, and with the aid of the pistol which one of them had in his pocket, freedom would be in their reach.

As he turned a page Dick dropped his book into his lap, and as his eyes ranged downward he caught sight of the trap-door, and noted its condition. Instantly it occurred to him that the prisoners were endeavoring to liberate themselves, and he realized that they were making use of the tools whose description he had just been reading. The writers and publishers of that sort of literature may point to this instance where the reading of "flash" books has been beneficial to an innocent youth instead of detrimental. It is probably the only case on record.

Intently he listened, and heard the man working with the screw-driver at the remaining hinge. Softly he rose, went to the front door, and took down the shutter. As softly he carried it to the office, and then without further precaution about noise dropped it over the trap. Next he proceeded to pile upon it half a ton or so of whatever heavy goods were most convenient and easy to handle, and then he sat down to his book again, with the satisfaction of knowing that the fellows couldn't get out, even though they succeeded in disengaging the trap-door from its fastenings.

Mr. Webster came early to the store. On learning the state of affairs, which he had surmised by seeing the horse and wagon under the neighboring tree, he piled a few more boxes and bundles on the heap which Dick had arranged. He then went home to breakfast, brought back some for Dick, and when the latter had finished he sent him out to notify the sheriff and give the alarm generally.

"Say that two gentlemen from Canada will give a reception here at 9 o'clock," he said to Dick, as the latter was putting on his hat, "and no postponement on account of weather. Everybody is invited to come. No ceremony about dress, and nobody need go home to put on his Sunday clothes."

The reception took place at 9, as advertised, and there was a large attendance. The sheriff was there, with two pairs of handcuffs, and several able-bodied citizens acted as his deputies to aid in securing the prisoners in case they showed fight. One by one the packages were removed from the shutter, then the shutter was lifted, and next the preparations were made for opening the trap-door. To remove all possibility of resistance, and thus avert bloodshed, the sheriff announced to the prisoners that they had better surrender at once, as there was not the slightest chance of their escape.

They surrendered, and were certainly a woe-begone pair as they held up their wrists for the hand-cuffs previously to being lifted out of the pit. They were literally bathed in perspiration, and evidently had suffered for want of air to breathe; in fact, one of them said he had been ready to give himself up for more than an hour, and was never more glad of anything than when the lid of their prison was removed. He had heard of the Black Hole of Calcutta, but never before realized what it was.

Their trial and conviction took place at the next session of court. On the very day of the trial it was found that the thieves were "wanted" elsewhere for the robbery of a store, accompanied by assault upon the owner, and a liberal reward had been offered for their apprehension. As the robbery with violence was the most heinous crime, the execution of the sentence in the Webster case was suspended that they might be tried for the other offence. The promised reward was paid to Dick, Mr. Webster generously waiving any claim to it, and thus the youth found himself the unexpected recipient of what was to him a large sum of money.

He spent a portion of it in buying certain articles of furniture which were needed at home, and in other ways supplying the wants of the family. Happily, those wants were far less than they might have been, as John Graham had been steadily working at the farm where we saw him employed, and had not once "fallen from grace" by taking again to drink.

Two or three times the craving for a stimulant came to him again, and he had a hard struggle. Once he allowed himself to be locked up in order to secure him against the temptation to seek the liquid poison, but his incarceration lasted little more than a single day. Good Dr. Hills came to see him as soon as the case was reported, and his prescriptions materially aided the work of restoration. His anxious wife kept a close watch upon him, and he was not allowed to leave the house until the doctor declared that all danger was gone.

Mr. Webster asked Dr. Hills if he thought it possible that the time would ever come when John Graham could be trusted to be where liquor abounded without feeling any inclination to taste it.

"That is not an easy question to answer with yes or no," the doctor replied. "While, under ordinary circumstances, he might go with impunity where liquor is drank, so long as the taste is abhorrent to him, it is impossible to know when his thirst is likely to return. Whenever it returns he will be in danger, and therefore the only safe plan will be to have him always keep away from the possibility of reaching it.

"As times goes on, month by month and year by year, without a relapse, the danger steadily lessens. But it is never entirely gone, as is shown by several cases on record. One of them is that of Judge Raymond, who was a confirmed drunkard when 30 years old, and had been given up by his friends. All at once he registered a solemn oath not to drink again till he was 70 years old. For 40 years he was a rigid temperance man, his morals in every way were unexceptionable, and he became a judge of much renown. On the morning of his 70th birthday he took his first drink after 40 years of abstinence, became terribly intoxicated, and quickly fell into the condition of a hopeless drunkard. He drank steadily for two years, when he died of delirium tremens.

"So you see," the doctor continued, "a man may be thoroughly reformed for a long period, and yet die a drunkard. The only safety is in total abstinence; it never answers to play with a tiger, even though his nails have been cut and his teeth drawn."

"Now," said the doctor, "I've been looking up some statistics about the benefits of temperance from a sanitary point of view that may be interesting to you. Shall I give them?"

"By all means," was the reply; "they're the very things I should like to hear."

"In the British Temperance Provident Life Assurance society, the sick rate is 11 in 1,000; while in other provident associations, that are very careful in the risks they take, but do not make total abstinence a positive condition, the sick rate is from 16 to 23 in 1,000 at the same age. In towns where there are sick clubs it was found that a managers' sick club, consisting of 1,000 members, had 23 sick during one year, for an average period of 7 weeks and 4 days, at a cost of 56 shillings each, while 1,000 abstainers had only 13 sick, for an average time of 3 weeks and 2 days, at 29 shillings per head.

"So you see," said the doctor, "that the temperance man saves himself more than half as much pain and suffering as the drinker endures, and also saves his money. I am satisfied that if the whole community would refrain from drinking it would make a large saving every year in doctors' bills and lost time, not to speak of the suffering of being confined to bed or house. Perhaps, as a doctor, I ought not to be in favor of temperance, as it would reduce my business; but it is the physician's duty to consider the good of his race rather than the money that is to come into his pocket.

"Similar results are shown in the use of stimulants in military life. In the British army in India at one time careful observations were taken for several years in succession, and it was found that while the deaths among the drinkers of ale and porter were 38 in 1,000, those among total abstainers were 11 in 1,000. Previous to this, when a ration of rum was issued to the soldiers, the deaths were 73 in 1,000. Therefore, you see that spirits killed 62 soldiers in a thousand, while ale and porter, with their reduced quantity of alcohol, killed 27 in a thousand. If one must and will drink, it is least harmful to drink malt liquors; but by far the best plan is to drink water instead of these things. As a further illustration from India, let me say that in the Afghan campaign of Gen. Sales, the army suffered great privations, and was wholly cut off from stimulants; they were exempt from sickness to a degree never known before among troops in Hindostan."

CHAPTER XIV.

PATHOLOGY OF ALCOHOL.

THE doctor paused a moment after the remark which concludes the preceding chapter, and gave the opportunity for another question by Mr. Webster.

"Have you ever known a man to cut off drinking at once without relapsing or suffering from the drink thirst which has troubled John?"

"Not exactly," was the reply, "at least so far as the longing for drink is concerned; but I have known men to resist it successfully, and remain total abstainers for the rest of their lives. As the alcohol was slowly eliminated from their systems, there was a natural longing for more to fill the vacuum; this is what causes the drink thirst in the majority of cases; and where there is no complication, the thirst is strongest during the early period of reformation. If a man has the moral courage and staying powers to hold out at this time, he may effect his cure; but he must never yield in the least degree to the desire.

"One of the greatest difficulties in reforming a drunkard," he continued, "is in getting him to understand his danger. If he fully realized it, and as I've said before, and can't say too often, that no man ever yet fought steadily with King Alcohol and came off victorious, he would use every endeavor to escape from his clutches. But a great number, by far the majority, of drinkers are ignorant of the poisonous properties of alcoholic stimulants, or if aware of them, they indulge in the hope and expectation that they will somehow escape the common fate of all other drinkers. Of course they are never going to drink to excess, and will stop drinking when they find themselves liable to become drunkards. If the whole world knew and realized that every man who drinks is liable to become a drunkard, the amount of tippling would be greatly diminished."

"The road to hell is paved with good intentions," Mr. Webster remarked.

"That's the very thing I was going to say," replied the doctor, "but you got in ahead of me. Good intentions are excellent, but are of no use when not carried out. Inebriety is a disease that grows by what it feeds on, and every drink that a man takes makes it more difficult for him to stop. 'The little foxes spoil the vines,' says the proverb of King Solomon; and the little drinks make the drunkard."

"What do you consider the strongest incentive to reformation on the part of a drunkard?" Mr. Webster asked.

"Self-interest and pride, above all other things," was the reply. "You can appeal to self-interest after everything else fails; or rather you can appeal to it at the start with better chance of success. Let me give you an illustration:

"Some years ago a man who had a good business and was a respectable member of society acquired the habit of drinking. He neglected his business so that it fell off, his family suffered in consequence, and ruin was staring him in the face. All the appeals of wife and friends were of no use, and one day the wife came to me and asked if I could help her.

"I told her I would try, and suggested that she should so manage it as to get him to call on me for a severe headache with which he was often troubled, by telling him of some remarkable headache cures I had effected by very simple remedies.

"One morning he came to my office to seek advice about the headache. I listened patiently to his symptoms and said I thought they arose from disordered kidneys; then I diagnosed his case carefully, and with all the solemnity I could throw into my voice, announced that his kidneys were seriously affected, and unless immediately attended to he might as well make his will and prepare for death.

"Now there's nothing that will alarm the average man so much as to learn that there's something wrong about his kidneys. It was so in this case; I told my patient that it was possible he was drinking more than he supposed, and the only safety was for him to stop at once. Then I gave him some medicine of my own compounding, pills made of rye bread warranted not to harm, and told him to call on me again in a fortnight. He stopped drinking immediately, but never admitted to his wife what was the matter with him; and to this day he is ignorant of the real facts of the case. He has moved away from here and is now living out west; his wife writes me two or three times a year, telling me that his reform is perfect, and they are now prosperous and happy. She never can find words enough for the expression of her gratitude for my management of the case."

"You practiced a deception with good results," said Mr. Webster. "I suppose that is within the right and duty of a medical man."

"Certainly," was the reply; "I only made use of the man's imagination to cure him, just as every doctor does in many other things than drunkenness. The doctor should always be cheerful, and encourage his patient, should he not, rather than look gloomy, and consequently cause depression? When you had a fever some time ago, did I not talk and laugh with you every day, and say you would be on your feet in a very short time?"

"Of course you did," said Mr. Webster, "and very thankful I was for your encouragement. I really think it brought me up quite as much as the medicine you gave me, though I don't want to disparage that."

"You shall be entrusted with one of the secrets of the profession, and not much of a secret either; which is, that the mental state of the patient has much to do with his recovery. And I will frankly say that the medicine I gave you could never have cured the fever unless you had been mentally impressed as I tried to and did impress you.

"Now, in the case of my friend whom I frightened about his kidneys, I wanted to get him into the proper mental condition for reform and cure, and that's what did it. But I practiced far less deception than you suppose, as his kidneys were really in a bad way, and would have become worse from day to day, as long as he continued to drink. The kidneys of every drinker are affected, and so is his liver and other internal organs. Let me give you a little lecture on the medical view of alcohol in its effects on the system. Will it weary you?"

"By no means," answered Mr. Webster. "I would very much like to hear it."

"Well, then, I think I've told you before that when ardent spirits are swallowed, their first effect is to cause a warmth and glow that is felt in the whole system, and that it brings the blood to the face exactly as do the sensations which cause us to blush. The pulse is quickened, the mind is made more active, and the whole system is pleasurably affected.

"If it could stop right here there would be no especial harm, but it never does. Continued use of alcohol causes inflammation of the internal organs, the stomach being usually the first to feel it. Its lining membrane becomes shriveled, corrugated and hardened, and if the liquor is strong the deeper tissues are involved and lead to gastritis, which is one of the forms of dyspepsia. The digestion if impaired, and after a time the stomach retains food with difficulty. That which it does retain is often fermented, and causes nausea, heartburn and severe headache. The nausea and headache of the toper at the end of a debauch are produced by the disordered condition of the stomach.

"After a while the stomach of a habitual drunkard requires a stimulant before it will accept and digest food, and he must have a dram before partaking of a meal. Every man who respects himself should stop at once whenever he finds that he has no appetite for breakfast or dinner unless he creates it with a drink. He is well on the downward path, and is playing with edged tools, and very sharp ones at that.

"The alcohol undergoes no chemical change as it passes into the blood, and, through it, reaches every gland, nerve and muscle of the body. Its first bad effects are upon the liver, and you may safely set it down as a rule that every confirmed drinker has a diseased liver. It becomes engorged, enlarged, obstructed and hardened, and its secretions are not its proper ones. Fatty degeneration may follow the enlargement of the liver, and from being abnormally large it is afterwards too small. Or it may remain enlarged, and its cells are closed so that it does not perform its functions.

"Then comes the action of the alcohol on the kidneys. They work more actively than is natural for them, and carry off the alcohol: the effect of steadily overworking them, as is done by the habitual drinker, is like overworking anything else. It is like whipping a good horse and making him do twice as much work as he ought; his powers are exhausted, and he soon becomes useless. Horse, man, machine, anything you please to name, when the powers are overtaxed will break down and come to grief. Open your watch and put a lever against the wheels and it will go faster, but what will be the result? It is out of time, and if the performance is persisted in the watch will soon be past all remedy. Do it once or twice, perhaps you may, without seriously impairing the mechanism, but you can't do it very often, and even once is too much.

"Every steady drinker has his kidneys more or less diseased. If he stops in time they, as well as the liver and stomach, may recover tone and strength; but they will always be susceptible to injury, and are never quite as strong as they were at first. A reformed drunkard may live long and happily, but not quite as long or quite as happily as if he had never touched liquor in his life.

"Alcohol affects the heart by increasing its action, which leads to exhaustion and then to palpitation. It structure is also weakened by the alcohol getting between its muscular fibres, which frequently results in granulations and fatty degeneration.

"Now we come to the lungs," continued the doctor, "which assist in the elimination of the alcohol. This you may readily understand by smelling the breath of a drinker, as you can detect the odor at every exhalation. The continued presence of alcohol in the lungs leads to congestion by the irritating effect of the volatile substance upon the capillary vessels, and this gives rise to coughs and an unusual discharge of mucus. Many cases of pulmonary consumption are due to stimulants, especially among those who are predisposed to it. Many a man has gone to the grave with consumption caused by the use of liquor, when neither he nor his friends suspected it. The doctor, in such cases, generally saves their feelings by not telling the real cause, or, quite possibly, he may not be aware of it, if he has not been called until too late to do any good.

"So much for the organs of the body; now let us come to the head: The blood carries the alcohol to the brain, swells its countless veins and cells, whose walls are of the greatest delicacy. When they have been thus swollen they do not return readily to their former size, and, after a few swellings, they never get quite back again to their original condition. This makes the brain diseased, and here you will find the reason of the great difficulty of reforming the drunkard. His will power is impaired, and he finds it very difficult to resist temptation. Even when he has refrained for a long time, and thinks he will take one glass and only one, he find that he cannot stop. The one glass fires his brain, and his will power is not a tenth part of what it was before the glass was swallowed. You will find this the case with every man who who drinks; it is far easier to take the second glass than the first; or, rather, it is far more difficult to resist.

"This is exactly John Graham's condition. If we could look into his brain we would find the nerve cells hardened and the convolutions shrunken, and some of the cavities filled with a fluid that does not probably belong there. Had he kept on a few months or perhaps a year longer the brain would have began to soften and the result would have been imbecility, epilepsy or paralysis, and finally delirium tremens, with all its horrors, till death brought an end to all."

The doctor looked at his watch and said he must bring his lecture to an end. The gentlemen separated, but not till Mr. Webster had thanked his friend for the scientific view of the drinker's career. "And I wish," said he, "that what you have said could be printed and put in the hands of every young man in the land."

Immediately on reaching home he sat down and wrote out what Dr. Hill had told him. His manuscript has fallen into our hands and we here present it in the hope that it may be of benefit to many readers.

As the doctor reached the door a messenger came in great haste to summon him for a case that required his immediate attention. "I'll probably have something interesting to tell you to-morrow," he said to Mr. Webster as he shook his hand in farewell. "Its a singular case, but I haven't time to tell you of it now. Good bye." And away he went on his errand of mercy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD MUSIC BOOK.

I TURN with a silent reverence
Its smeared pages o'er,
The dusty lines inspire a sense
Of something heard before,
In days long past, in other lands;
Of ancient melodies;
Old harpsichords and gentle hands
That touched the ivory keys.

The book a hundred fancies wears
On every yellow page,
Sonatas quaint, forgotten airs,
The notes all dim with age.
And variations long wove out,
And faded songs and old,
With trills and turnings all about,
And graces manifold.

Perchance in those old bygone days
My lady sat and played
In brocded somacher of maize,
And flowered blue brocade,
Her lissome fingers dancing ran
Through many a florid strain,
Until Miss Bell behind her fan
Begged "that sweet piece again."

Perchance, when summer nights were long
And soft winds swept the meadows,
Some amorous youth poured out this song
To Chloe through the shadows.
Or beaux and belles of higher state,
In some well-lit pavilion,
Trod graceful through this minuet,
Or figured this cotillion.

So vagrant fancies through the mind
Play fitful now and then,
As, with a sigh and smile combined,
I close the book again.
I dare not touch its music old
In this rude modern day;
Hallowed by fingers long since cold,
And voices passed away.

—(Globe-Democrat.

A Recipe for Happiness.

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise,
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of ruby lips;
Take figure trimly plaid—
Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this)—
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Dress it—in pantalettes;
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep it, if you can.

Take a pretty little cot—
Quite a miniature affair—
Hung about with trellised vine,
Finish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare,
I've endeavored to define.
Live to love and love to live—
You will span at your ease,
Growing on the sunny side—
Zeto has nothing more to give;
You're a daisy man to please
If you are not satisfied.
Take my counsel, happy man,
Act upon it, if you can!

[From The Gondoliers.

Choking Off a Farmer.

As the train left Dayton, south-bound, the conductor came into the smoking car with a cry of "Tickets, please!" and as there was only one fresh passenger he walked directly up to him. This new arrival was from the farm, and in nothing of a hurry.

"What's up, Kurnel?" he asked as the conductor halted before him.

"Ticket, sir!"

"Yes. Is she on time?"

"Yes."

"Going right to Cincinnati?"

"Yes. Ticket, if you please."

"I had a ticket, but ——. Say, how's wheat looking along the line?"

"Give me your ticket."

"Wonder where I put it? Been much rain between here and Hamilton this month? Feller was telling me yesterday that he never ——"

"I'm in a great hurry, sir!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Shoo! Hav'n't got any hay out at the other end of the line, have you? I got caught once last week, and me'n Bill had to work like nailors to beat a thunderstorm."

"Have you got a ticket?"

"Of course."

"Then hand it over at once! I can't fool away my time here!"

"Shoo! Well, here's the ticket, and I want a receipt for it. Feller in such a hurry as you are might die suddenly. Lands! but what a hired man you'd make for a week or two! Never had one who was in a hurry. Say, if you ——"

But the conductor had gone, and he turned to us with a look of disgust on his face, and continued:

"That's the way with these monopolies. They not only want all your money, but they won't treat you decent after they git it. Reckon I'll drop in on the boss of the road when I git to town and let him know that such conduct don't go down with a free-born American."—[N. Y. Sun.

It's Wait.

She was a young woman of an inquiring turn of mind on her way home from college, and during a delay at a station she walked up and down the platform calculating the ponderabilities.

"I wonder," she said to her papa, "what is the weight of this train?"

"Really, my dear, I couldn't say, but"——

"I know what it is," interrupted an impatient drummer, "it's about four hours and a half."

Then the girl went in and sat down to think awhile.—[Washington Critic.

Her Mind on Heavenly Things.

She—Charlie, you know you promised me something handsome on my birthday.

He—Yes, I know.

She—Well, I saw a diamond breastpin yesterday in a shop window that was perfectly heavenly.

He—Perfectly heavenly, was it? Say, Fanny, don't you have any earthly wishes? Do you think of nothing but heavenly things?—[Texas Siftings.

All for a Free "Ad."

Wylie—What's the matter with you, Reiley? Why so furious?

Reiley—Have you read this infernal article about me in the *Evening Hash?*

Wylie—Why don't you treat that with silent contempt?

Reiley—So I would if that scoundrel reporter hadn't misspelled my name.—[Puck.

The Origin of Death.

Dynamo—I hear that scientists are trying to prove that electricity is life.

Lamper—I guess they don't live in New York or they'd change their minds if they once saw a man wrestling with a live wire.—[Drake's Magazine.

Irony of Fate.

Brown—I had my diamond pin stolen last night.

Sergeant—How can it be identified?

Brown—It had a patent thief safety chain attached.—[The Epoch.

Cause Enough.

Derby Hat—I don't see what you've got against the hat brush.

Silk Hat—Well, he rubs me the wrong way sometimes.—[Puck.

Our New Testament Serial.

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," etc,

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning was fresh and the wind arose from the western sea. Elsewhere it might have been called an invigorating day. In Judea and in summer one scarcely says that. Prescience of the dusty dryness to come scorches the nerve and it is with the imagination busy upon the hot noon that the body enjoys the cool of an exceptional dawn.

The hour was yet early, but so are the habits of a hot country. The city was already astir. The open markets at the roadside and in the shadow of the city gates chaffered busily, finding a good share of their customers among people devout enough to get up early in the morning and go to church.

For with the synagogues, too, dawn was a busy time. A full stomach and a pious conscious pulled well together. People ate and prayed and so began to live, with the easy content of the Oriental.

The day was the second day of the week and the place was Jerusalem—hot, bright, splendid Jerusalem; the glory and despair of the thoughtful Jew; the pride of the most thoughtless; the hope, the doom, and the enigma of the race.

Let us take the trouble to consider what the city of New York would be if idealized by the rural native through a fiery national patriotism—what Paris, if enshrined by a great religious sanctity; we may almost add what heaven, if universally desired by earth.

Thus was Jerusalem to the country people of Judea in the year in which our story opens.

The suburbans, to whom Sabbath traveling was forbidden by the ecclesiastical law, were fewer in number upon the sacred day than upon a week day, such as the one of which we speak; it chanced to be that which to a good domestic modern Gentile is known as working day.

These Judean women had already performed their simple morning tasks, had got the breakfast of lentils and fruit easily out of the way, had shaken the mats and brushed the dust and bathed and wrapped themselves shyly in their veils and were now meekly followingly in the shadows of their men who did not by courtesy address them in the streets.

"Yonder goes my lord," said a woman with a deep voice and roving eyes. She spoke to a neighbor, one of a group of several suburbans who were making their way to the service of morning prayer about to be held in one of the minor synagogues.

"My brother should not be far distant," replied she who had been addressed.

"He is there," observed another voice, a gentler voice than either of the first. "He standeth apart by himself, Martha. That is our brother with his eyes bent upon the ground in thought."

"Surely," nodded Martha briefly, "your eyes are swifter than mine; they always were."

A fine observer regarding the two women might have said or would have thought: "It is the heart that is swifter." But the ruder woman was not such an observer. And naturally, her neighbor's affairs were less interesting than one's own.

"I hope Ariella will manage to get through the day. Our neighbor, the mother of Baruch, promised to look in upon her; and Baruch himself is worth two men with eyes for such a purpose. I would have had my husband to stay at home, but he said he was not the woman of us, to be nursing sick folk. See—there he goes. There goes Malachi. A comely man, but no more fond of his own way than a man ought to be."

Malachi, a swaggering Pharisee, with the broadest phylactery on the street, bound across a dark, coarse forehead, strode by the women at this moment. He passed without recognition. It was not in good form in Judea for a man to salute his own wife upon the public highway.

"I would have remained with Ariella," said she of the quiet voice, "but blind Baruch is tenderer than the most of women. She will not suffer, Hagaar."

"For my part," retorted Hagaar, a little snappishly, "I think I have a right to see the world now and then like other people, if I have a sick daughter."

"Hush," pleaded the other, "Oh hush! we are about to pray."

Hagaar rolled her round eyes more in wonder than in displeasure upon her gentle neighbor, and became silent.

With the bowed head, covered face, and deferent step of the Eastern woman, the little group now passed up the steps of the synagogue and crowded its portico to the utmost to set apart for their sex.

The men, less reverent, as of course more individual of manner, jabbered steadily up to the last moment. They did not speak Hebrew, which was now the lost language of the race—the tongue of culture and scholarship. They talked in Aramaic, the language of the people, of the unlearned, of the democracy. For these were not the worshippers of the Temple, made glorious by national tradition and reverence, cherished by conservative religion, and patronized by social influence. These were the classes of the people who frequented the synagogues where heresy was taught not without authority—these were the powerful sect of the Pharisees, a rear Pharisees with many exclusive points not always credited in the memory of their weaker and worse ones. These were the vigorous bourgeois who had tried to revolutionize the Jewish church, and to some extent succeeded.

A theocracy is a great simplifier of masculine consecration, in that religion and patriotism are identical; but not of masculine discussion, in that no theocracy has yet extinguished politics, and the Jewish one at this time was a political madhouse in which maniac ran his own fixed idea till he came in contact with some keeper stronger than himself, and so got into his straight jacket as a matter of course.

Malachi the Pharisee having talked several of his acquaintances out of hearing, made a decided set upon the young man, the brother of Martha and her quiet sister, the young man who stood apart and mused with his eyes upon the ground. They were fine eyes, we may pause to say. He was, take him altogether, a fine-looking fellow.

Yet when we have used the words, they seem to form a phrase not so much too modern for the great line of human type run without regard to chronology—but too urban, too conventional to describe him. He had unquestionably great beauty; but this handsome youth was no man of the world.

On the other hand assuredly he was no rustic, even though suburban. He had experience, position, authority in his air. He had wealth and taste in his costume. He had the ease of the affluent middle classes. He was finely formed, with a figure inclining to spareness, but made vigorous by physical labor, and refined by the fact that the severest of this labor was apparently behind him. He gave the impression of a devotee called by fate to some practical mechanical occupation; a man born for a vocation, but born into an avocation.

His eyes were large, gray, and a little sad; liquid, dreamy and winning; his lips had the ascetic delicacy of intellectual or spiritual temperament. He had almost feminine beauty of coloring in skin and hair. He was attractive, both as painting and sculpture are attractive.

Malachi, strutting a little, as men of his sort do, whether there is anything to strut or not, laid his large hand heavily upon the young man's shoulder and accosted him with the familiar jocoseness which is seldom more pleasing to men of such nature than it is to women; or, at least, to women of good breeding. What he said was not important from any point of view, and received the brief reply of polite indifference until he let fall a word which dropped upon the young man's calm like a spark upon dry chaff.

It was a single word which Malachi spoke—a name. But his neighbor fired at it into instant animation.

"I understand," observed the elder man importantly, "I am told on good authority that he will address the congregation today."

"From whom did you learn this?" asked the other; he had an expression which might indicate either real surprise or feigned ignorance; it was not easy to say which.

"I have it in confidence from no less than the Chanan," nodded the Pharisee. "I am often consulted upon matters of the synagogue. It appears that my opinion has value. I was asked if I could recommend the young Rabbi."

"And what answer gave you?" inquired his neighbor with a reticent smile.

"Oh, I did my best for him. I did my best. I said I thought him a worthy young man, deserving of a hearing, at all events for the present. I am not sure of his doctrine, myself; it is free—free. He does not hold himself in fealty to the law, it is said; nor yet I fear to the oral tradition. He may prove a dangerous fellow. But I am a liberal man. I said: 'Give him fair play. Give him a hearing.'"

"Doubtless he of whom you speak feeleth undue obligation to you," returned the other, gravely.

"Of course," said Malachi; "naturally I should suppose he would."

He glanced at his companion's fine face; he could make nothing of it; he had the vague discomfort of dull self-sufficiency which feels itself criticised, but cannot perceive how, or why.

The synagogue service at that time in the history of the singular people with whom our history deals might be called the main amusement as it was the chief religious exercise of the populace. What the games were to the Romans, worship was to the Jews—the popular entertainment, the thing to do, the opportunity of seeing one's neighbors. Ancient life did not differ so much from modern in this respect. The congregation went to the service from mixed motives, as we go to the prayer meeting in country parishes.

Now the Jews being always a thrifty people, set a high value upon industry; a man usually taught his son the father's trade; and each trade was held in honor of its own to such extent that synagogues were arranged for the profession of classes of mechanics. The stone-cutters, the copper-smiths, the tent-makers, had their places in worship. The building of which we speak was known as the Synagogue of Carpenters.

It was a plain building, constructed of stone, with a Greek portico held by roomy pillars. A certain resemblance to the great Methodox temple might be detected in the modest dissenting house of worship. Whatever the theology, every Jew adored the temple after all.

The women were already seated when the men of our little party entered the Synagogue. The sexes were separated strictly. A wall or railing ran between them. One could just comfortably look over its edge.

The exclusion of women from the synagogue or the crowding of them behind screens and in galleries is a custom of late invention.

The synagogue was cool and calm. The women sat like modest flowers, mute and sweet in their meek places. They turned their faces humbly toward the upper end of the building, where the law lay in a sacred chest in imitation of the ark of the temple.

In the middle of the audience room, on a raised platform, the speaker of the day—he whom they called the sheliach—was already vigorously reciting the shema. He was an old man with a waving white beard; one of the most familiar and least interesting of the preachers in the synagogue of the carpenters.

The young raoul was not to be seen.

"He will come," whispered Malachi the Pharisee. "I have been informed that he is expected. But it ill becomes him to be tardy."

Now it was one of the excellent customs in Jewish church law, that ten men were professionally employed to start an audience. Without a quorum of this number the law could not be read. With this quorum, services might begin at the appointed hour; and so neither were the two early or too few disappointed, nor the two late suffered to drag the occasion.

The young man whom Malachi was instructing upon the ecclesiastical prospect of the day made no reply; but silently passed forward toward the seat which was directly in front of that of his two sisters, who were already quietly in their places. The elder sister turned her head at the sound of his step; but the younger sat modestly with downcast eyes. Suddenly she whom they called Martha whispered:

"He turns back. He hath been summoned from without."

The sweet face of the other caught its expression slightly; but she was not the kind of woman who talks to the synagogue, even with a chattering sister. Her countenance was so mobile indeed, that she needed few words. Far above the manner of most Oriental women whose lack of education and severe domestic seclusion gave them monotony of expression, her face had language. But it was a high language, full of dignity and delicacy, rather than an agile one, feminine, coquettish, or gay.

"And where," persisted Martha, "where in the world is he?" Her sister answered only by a finger up on the lips; but her eyes betrayed a fine, Jewish excitement powerfully suppressed. She bent her head meekly, and gave her attention to the sheliach. Was that not her duty? A young mechanic from the men's division of the Synagogue looked back at her in rapt neglect of the Reader. Was not that his nature? She did not return his gaze, for the excellent reason that she knew nothing about it.

Her brother meanwhile having answered the summons which called him from the Synagogue, passed out over the portico and looked abroad for the messenger. One stood there, whom he recognized by a mute sign; he moved apart with him for a few moments, and the two conversed in low tones. The messenger was a plain man in the working clothes of a fisherman. Something in his bearing, a second glance him a shrewd one, but it would not be easy to say what this was. His grammar was that of the uneducated people; but his voice had a refined quality not to be unnoticed by a refined ear.

The two young men spoke together earnestly; they had the aspect of those who might have been friends if circumstances had thrown them together; their natures seemed to flow toward each other, even upon the simplest topic. Evidently it was no simple topic which absorbed them. After a little conversation they kissed each other after the oriental manner, and parted. The messenger went down the hill and disappeared among the people hastily. The other returned to the meeting.

The Sheliach was still expounding. The congregation looked sleepy. Martha suppressed a yawn and fingered in her seat. Malachi the Pharisee glared with annoyance about the audience. The young mechanic glanced at the younger sister now and then throughout the service.

But she sat still in her place.

As her brother passed her in returning to his seat he contrived to drop the scroll he carried, which contained a record of certain portion of the Oral Tradition. In stooping to pick up the parchment he defied ecclesiastical laws and social conventionality; he whispered to his sister in the synagogue. But, being his sister, the offense passed unrebuked, perhaps unnoticed. His words were few enough. These were all:

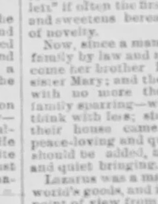
"The Roman threatens. Look for him no longer, Mary. He cometh not to-day."

"How know you?" breathed Mary.

"By the mouth of John the Disciple."

The Sheliach droned on. Mary's tender countenance fell. The service proceeded. In the course of due time it was officially announced by one of the assistant readers that the popular young Rabbi, expected to address the audience on that occasion, was unfortunately prevented from appearing among them, and that our reverend friend and father, the Sheliach, would continue the discourse. This announcement was given upon the authority of our well-known and honored fellow worshipper, Lazaras the builder, resident at Bethany.

CHAPTER II.



THE house is mine," said Martha; "I will have the rug there." Now she spoke the truth. The house was Martha's. But then, why say so? This was the nature of Martha's mind. To make one's family uncomfortable by insisting on the unnecessary or asserting the too evident is a temperamental defect, common to so many a house mistress besides this excellent Jewish matron, that it is liable to receive more sympathy than blame.

Her younger sister made no reply. The silence of Mary was at once her sweetest charm and finest weapon. It enhanced her and protected her. She had the supreme quality of self-control, which when born of a high nature is a divine force.

She turned her gentle eyes away so that her profile only was visible to her sister, and proceeded to sweep the portico dutifully. Her delicate arms, bare to the shoulder, escaped from her light homespun robe in long, free motions, timed to the stroke of her broom. Her slender figure swayed dreamily. Her eyes, soft and musing, had an absent expression. Mary's thoughts were not on the broom. Yet the portico was quite clean.

The young wood-carver, who watched her at that moment to complete his bondage. In fact he just missed of it, being at work on the other side of the house at the new addition built by Lazarus. Mary had seen this young man before. She thought Jacoba a pleasant boy, and thought no more about him. Her thoughts did not incline like the thoughts of other women. Earthly love she did not consider. It seemed fo

I load the slave that carries my stone. It is said that for nigh a week he has not been known to rest like other men; he goeth to the mountain top and prayeth there."

"Ail the night?" asked Mary pitifully. Her sensitive face had flushed at the first mention of him of whom Lazarus spoke.

"They say who have seen him closely that he carries the face of a sleepless man."

"John the fisherman made mention to me of this," added Lazarus. "I met him at the fish market to-night. He spoke many words to me upon the matter. He said: 'There is a man starving for sleep.'"

"He resteth in our upper chamber," replied Mary in tone of something like entreaty. "He resteth peacefully. Know you not, Lazarus, how his eyes look when he cometh to us in the morning?"

"I have been expecting him," said Lazarus.

His masculine fewness of words expressed no less eager sympathy than his sister's more ardent manner.

"And I," she said beneath her breath, "every day—every night. He cometh hot."

"Think you, Lazarus," she asked, timidly, after a pause, during which she had crept upon a low ottoman near her brother's feet, "think you that he weareth of us?"

"I have seen many desert him," answered Lazarus in a ringing voice. "I never knew him forsake a human creature."

Mary nodded silently. A beautiful luminousness stole into her eyes. She lifted them to the mountain-top towering above her. Her whole face and figure seemed to be at prayer.

At this moment Martha entered, bustling.

"Come, come! Supper is served and, you two sit there like mummies while I play slave for you! Come, Mary! Hasten and serve. Come, Lazarus! What bothers you now?"

"Important business concerns," said Lazarus with dignity. Martha offered no retort. She had a great respect for business. It meant money and position; it meant things she understood.

"I am considering," said Lazarus as he sat at supper, "a contract which has been offered me to-day. It is one of importance."

"A new customer?" queried Martha with animation. But Mary showed no interest in the new customer. She had relapsed into a sweet dream. She served her brother while he sat at meat, like an angel walking on a floating cloud that would bear one away at a breath—who knew whither?

"Yes," observed Lazarus, "I am asked to remodel portions of the palace——"

"Palace?" cried Martha. "Of Annas, the High Priest? Has he given you an order?"

"I speak of none other," said Lazarus calmly. "I do the work of an honest man. He that is good enough for priest or beggar? And have I not wrought upon the sacred temple?"

"Take it by all means," said Martha with her shrewd look. "When shall you begin?"

"Immediately, if at all," replied Lazarus, "and I am inclined to follow your advice, sister Martha. Your judgment passes the judgment of women upon affairs of house and trade."

These few words flattered and pleased Martha immensely; she became good-natured at once; they were easy words to speak, too, and quite true. Lazarus never said what was not true, even for the sake of domestic peace. Women of Martha's type may be as conscious of their own popularity as they are of their necessity to society. Appreciation has the highest mathematical value to those who do not get much of it. The tough-fibred, practical women is never as much beyond the need of it as she seems to be. Martha had a chronic conviction that people "took" to her younger sister at her expense. Lazarus knew this quite as well. To save his life he could not help loving Mary better. But his just soul sought the more severely to recognize Martha's good points.

The three went up to the roof of the house after supper and sat together in unwonted harmony. It was one of Judea's most agreeable evenings; the cool came on gratefully; the scorching colors of the air died away without a struggle. The hills of Bethany leaned on the eastern slope of Olivet like a child asleep on a sheltering arm. Below the valley darkened delicately; the outlines of rock and road lingered a long time in the slow twilight. Figures passing were only dim enough to be poetic and picturesque; one watched them with quiet, aesthetic pleasure. Above, the mountain-top lifted its solemn head; she rose purple and calm, like a queen who had purposes and secrets of her own. Overhead, the clear far fine ether of the Oriental sky throbbed—pale fire melting into a dome of gray.

Suddenly the still air thrilled to a wide, strong sound.

It was the cry of the trumpet from the synagogue, calling all the children of Jehovah to the evening prayer.

The master of the household rose at the summons; the women followed him; the slaves in the court stopped, arrested in their labors; the Jewish family paused with bowed heads and clasped hands; they prayed silently; they stood with their faces toward Jerusalem.

When the prayer was finished Martha went below to give orders to her women; and Lazarus seated himself quietly. But Mary moved to the edge of the roof and looked off into the valley. She sat down behind the tiled railing that ran around the roof that she might not be observed of passers; her face expressed sudden and eager animation.

"What seest thou, Mary?" asked her brother kindly.

"Come hither, Lazarus," replied Mary softly, "look for thyself." She pointed downward toward the valley where the shadow was lengthening faster than it was deepening. A group of people traveling from the direction of Jerusalem, came about the mountain side, had come to a halt. Their figures could still be clearly seen from the roof of the house.

Mary lifted her beautiful arm and pointed with one finger at the road; the delicate outline of the finger trembled.

"It is he," she said.

"Nay, I see him not," protested Lazarus.

"It is he," repeated Mary undisturbed.

The two passed over the railing, the woman sheltered by her brother's presence, and gazed into the valley intently.

The group upon the highway had paused at the summons of the evening prayer, it seemed; or perhaps—was there another interruption?

Tall and motionless among the clustering people one figure rose pre-eminent to the eye. It was the figure of a man, young in years and well clothed with dignity. The light was to faint to discern this form with distinctness, except that it stood a little apart from what seemed the urgent pressure of the people who had the aspect of entreating him eagerly. In the faint light the man could be seen or he seemed to turn his face toward the height, and perhaps in the direction of the house of Simon the leper. Apparently, he hesitated with himself.

"Yes," said Lazarus, "it is he. It is he indeed. Go and tell Martha to prepare for him. He comes to us at last."

But Mary knelt with her face pressed to the tile railing, gazing persistently down. She did not move to obey her brother's command.

"Mary!" cried Lazarus, rising to displeasure. "Are you dreaming again, now—when he is all but at our gates—when every moment is precious that we may serve him with our best? *Mary!*"

"Oh," mourned Mary, "he cometh not. He cometh not. See you, Lazarus. They have deterred him. They call him back. He turneth—See!—he goeth. Oh, he goeth from us. So near us—and so worn for rest—he goeth away without it. He setteth his face already once more toward Jerusalem!"

"You are right," announced Lazarus decidedly—"as usual," he murmured in a lower tone, "You have the eyes which see, Mary. But I cannot understand this matter! I am distressed at it. Why this hesitation? Yes. He returneth. Fain would I hasten down and overtake him, and compel him with my heart's force to tarry with us——"

"Nay," cried Mary, hastily. "Nay, nay, my brother. Entreat him not. He knoweth his own will. And of the will," she said solemnly, "of him that sent him. Besides," she added, with quick feminine sensitiveness, "he knoweth that he hath eternal welcome beneath thy roof and Martha's. We would not ask him if he cometh not. See! Look yonder! He turneth the corner of the road as it windeth round the mountain. The people shout and run and press upon him. They bring one unto him—it is an afflicted creature. For that cause he returneth."

"Verily it is so," said Lazarus sadly. "It is one possessed, or other diseased person whom they bring. Whatever it is which has hindered him from us, my sister, thou may know it is the call of woe or want or sin. Yea he joineth the returning people; he returneth—he is gone."

Mary bowed her face upon the tiles and said nothing. The light of her life and the hope of her soul—the hope of her people, their Master and their Mystery—had withdrawn himself from her sight; and her gentle heart was sore within her.

"Why, he will come back again when that wretch is taken care of!" cried Martha, whose practical view of things was as great a relief at some times as it was a terror at others to her family.

"Of course he will come back! I will myself prepare the upper chamber. Do you watch for him, Lazarus, and let me know the first moment that you see signs of him!"

Martha rustled away more noisily than she had come upon the roof.

"A pretty time of day!" she added testily, "to bring one's fits before such as he!—or one's wits, either. Fitty people are always half-witted, in my opinion. I'll venture the creature isn't worth curing." But Mary watched silently with her burning cheeks upon the smooth cool tiles. Lazarus kept her company awhile. His own fine face wore a look of keen disappointment. Neither spoke; it darkened rapidly; the sound of passing footsteps grew few and faint.

"He will not come," announced the master of the house, at last, with masculine decisiveness.

"I go below. Do thou the same, Mary."

Mary did not reply. She was glad when even Lazarus was gone. She sat on alone, half crouched, half kneeling upon the roof; the dew fell; her bright hair grew damp—Mary had abundant beautiful hair; it weighed upon her head like a crown of waters. Her soft flesh grew cooled and chill. Her ears quivered as fine nerves of hearing do from listening in vain till the auditory sense becomes an anguish. The step for which she waited did not come.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LATEST ISSUES

From the Publishers Which Have Reached the Blade's Book Table.

The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa., send "The Maid of Orleans, and the Great War of the English in France," by W. H. D. Adams—a history of the life of Joan of Arc; and "Adrift; a Story of Niagara," by Julia Ditto Young—a very pretty story.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, issue "Taken Alive, and Other Stories," by the late Rev. E. P. Roe—with an autobiography of the popular author.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have issued: "Life," by James Platt, the well known writer on business and social topics; "Liberty and a Living," by Philip G. Hubert, jr. "The Industrial Progress of the Nation," by Edward Atkinson, who is authority on economic and statistical questions; "A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees," a charming sketch of travel, by Edwin Asa Dix; "Songs of Fairy Land," compiled by E. T. Mason, which is the latest of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series.

The Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago, sends us: "The Unanswered Prayer," a talk to parents on home influence; "Frances Raymond's Investment; or the Cost of a Boy," by the same author; and "The Year's Bright Chain," made up of quotations from the writings of Frances E. Willard, with portrait.

The Grannau Detective Bureau Co., Cincinnati, O., have published "Warning Against Fraud," devoted to an exposition of swindling schemes, with the law of crime.

F. E. Lovell & Co., New York, have issued Mrs. Le Plongeon's "Here and There in Yucatan," a description of the little-known antiquities of that country.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, issue "Dosia," Henri Greville's greatest novel, in paper, 25 cents.

The latest issue of D. Appleton & Co.'s (New York) "Town and Country Series" is "Countess Loricey," by Rudolph Munger; paper, 50 cents.

A. L. Burt, publisher, New York, sends us "Won on the Home Stretch," an agreeable story by Mrs. M. C. Williams.

Street & Smith, New York, have issued in paper covers, the popular novel, "That Dowdy," by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.

The Minerva Publishing Co., New York, have sent us "Basil Morton's Transgression," a story, by Marquise Clara Lauza.

John B. Alden, New York, issues "Genesis of Power and the Medium Through Which it Acts," by Thos. F. Campbell, an appeal for Christian union by the acceptance of the Bible in its entirety.

The Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, sends us "Personal Recollections of Pardee Butler," the earnest missionary in the West in its early days.

A. McClurg & Co., Chicago, publish "Alexia," by Mary Abbott—a love story of an unconventional kind.

F. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose street, New York, sends us the following novels, in paper covers: "A Siege in Conline," by John M. Bachelier; and "A Strange People," by the same author—both good books.

Raud, McNally & Co., Chicago, send us, in paper covers, an excellent translation of Alphonse Daudet's "Kings in Exile."

A FLESH-DEVOURING PLANT.

It Sucks Blood and Eats Live Animals—A Ghastly Spectacle.

Leroy Dunstan, the well-known naturalist of New Orleans, who has recently returned from Central America, where he had spent nearly two years in the study of the flora and fauna of the country, relates the finding of a singular growth in one of the swamps which surround the great lake of Nicaragua.

He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens in this swamp, which is known as San Sebastian's, when he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot from which the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots or fibres, the nature of which was unknown to him.

The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling more than anything else the branches of the weeping willow denuded of all foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores.

Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan endeavored to cut the animal free, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in severing the fleshy, muscular fibre. To his horror and amazement the naturalist then saw that the dog's body was covered with blood, while his hairless skin appeared to have been actually sucked, or puckered in spots, and the animal staggered as if from weakness and exhaustion.

In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging clasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a grayish dark tinge, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable animal odor, powerful and nauseating to inhale.

The native servants who accompanied Mr. Dunstan manifested the greatest horror of the vine, which they call in sa genus de diable, the devil's seine, or snare, and were full of stories of its death-dealing powers.

He was able to discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only

IN THE DEVIL'S SNARE.

be torn away with loss of skin and even of flesh, but, as near as Mr. Dunstan could ascertain, its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths or little suckers which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food.

If the substance is animal the blood is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped. A lump of raw meat being thrown it, in the short time of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drank off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief, it devouring at one time over ten pounds of meat, though it may be deprived of all food for weeks without any apparent loss of vitality.—[New York Journal.

Have You Catarrh.

There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

A Texas Lothario.

Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin—Hostetter McGinnis, it is outrageous the way you treat me.

Hostetter McGinnis—What's up now, Esmerelda?

"You are engaged to me, but you flirt with Birdie Mollenlpin."

"Be calm, Esmerelda, be calm. I'm going to go back on that other girl, too.—[Texas Siftings.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.

SPANISH GYPSIES.

They Dance to the Merry Music of the Guitar and Tell Fortunes.

I took a long walk up the course of the silver Xenil, beginning it through the Alameda, the loveliest of public gardens. No prohibition of picking flowers there! I fancy there are enough for all. Again I followed the tumbling Darro, and frequented the gypsies in their rock-cut caverns on the hill over against the Alhambra till I had got a considerable comprehension of their way of life. My guide-book takes the pains to say that one should not

A SPANISH GYPSY.

do it unless very well accompanied. Perhaps there is something of exaggeration in this. At all events I yet survive to tell the tale.

Their homes are cut in the veritable solid rock, supplemented here and there with a trifle of masonry, and the chimneys project among the cactus on the hillside above. There must be a hundred or more of them.

This kind of dwelling is of very ancient origin and not uncommon in Spain. Nor is it as uncomfortable as it might be supposed, that is to say when compared with other dwellings of the poor. The rock is already to hand and moderately soft, and it is easier to cut it out into the habitations desired than to build them up regularly of brick and stone; that is all there is of it.

You don't get too much window light, it is true, since none enters except by a small opening or two in front; but then these are not a people to put their fine eyes out with much reading or writing, nor indeed with working either, though one or two make a semblance of having forges and doing blacksmith work.

How they jigged and clapped and twanged their guitars, those dark-skinned gypsies, and how white were the teeth of laughing Euriquesta. Their dance ought to have succeeded at the Paris exhibition, after the precedent of those in the Rue du Caire.

They wanted to tell my fortune in my hand. A beautiful blonde lady, with blue eyes, was sighing for me, and I would win a million pesetas (francs) in the lottery. A little more money, and they would tell me the name of the lady.

"Vamos! a little more money, now her name?"

She would be called Quiteria Ramona. Henceforward, then, writes a Madrid correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, whenever I shall meet Quiteria Ramona, and shall be free to respond to the purposes of destiny, I must think my fate approaches.

A PAIR OF PRETTY HATS.

THE accompanying illustrations explain two of the best liked hat shapes. One has a light grey felt turned up brim and soft pleated crown of rather darker velvet, on which rests a stiff grey feather. The general effect is narrow. The second, of green felt, looks much larger and broader. The trimming consists of Chartreuse green feathers and a green kilting bow in front.

PRETTY GIRLS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

The Slave Market at Stamboul—Why the Maidens are Sought as Wives.

There are actually at Stamboul about ninety regular slave brokers, who sell and buy slaves, or who are the medium of buying or selling. The slaves are lodged in houses known by the public, just as they know the dealers in any sort of merchandize. The principal slave houses are about thirty.

The Abyssinian slaves are rare on account of the delicacy of their health. An Abyssinian maiden from fourteen to seventeen is worth from 60 to 120 liras (a lira is worth about 18 shillings), but a handsome one is sure to bring 300 liras. White slaves (Tcherkes) are more abundant. Maidens from twelve to fifteen are quoted at from 60 to 300 liras, and those from sixteen to twenty from 60 to 1,000 liras. The price varies according to beauty, size, complexion and accomplishments. Singers and musicians generally bring a good price.

Many people here buy slaves for legal marriages, preferring them to Turks. The reason is that a slave has no relations (mother-in-law especially), and therefore no visitors or callers. She endeavors to please her husband. She is obedient and economical, and very affectionate even if pretty well treated.

Many slaves would not leave their masters for the world, but many others would be too glad to obtain their liberty. Some are well looked after, well cared for, richly dressed and have costly jewels. They dine with their lady and are treated as companions and as members of the family.

Among the possessors of slaves who were the most noted for their kindness and benevolence was the late Princess Zeinoub Hanoum, the daughter of the first Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali. During her lifetime she gave monthly allowances, from time she gave monthly allowances, from two to fifty liras, to each of her slaves. She had some eighty of them married to respectable gentlemen, and gave to each a dowry of from £1,000 to £5,000. Before her death, three years ago, she made a will granting freedom to all her slaves and distributing to them valuable presents and settlements.

There are hundreds of young girls who are sold to persons who sell them or exchange them for others of greater beauty. It is revolting to see to what extent slavery is encourged here, and how many of these poor creatures would like to fly away from the brutality of their masters, and now many others are exported against their will, writes a Constantinople correspondent of the London *News*. In general, slavery here is the curse of the country.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

The Richest Actress.

I saw Lotta during the week, and the little actress seems to be enjoying her rest hugely. Although the richest single woman in the world who has earned her own money, she does not seem at all burdened with business cares. She has a hotel in Boston, adjoining her Park theater, which she owns. She figures among her assets a flat-house in New York and lots of real estate in different parts of the country. Yet she does not bother with its management. Her shrewd mother, who has saved all this money, takes all the responsibility of its care, and Lotta is left to enjoy herself. After this year of rest and pleasure in the United States she is going to Europe, and it has not yet been decided whether she will work next year or not. She is old enough and rich enough to enjoy the balance of her life out of the theater. —[New York Letter to Philadelphia Times.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

A PERILOUS JOURNEY

To the Field Hospital—A Comrade's Close Call.

S OUR regiment brought up at Spottsylvania, it became quite evident that we would soon be called to do some hard fighting, or receive a sound thrashing; consequently, we received orders to prepare for the ordeal by constructing breast-works composed of earth and scrub-pine, and not having a favored position, were compelled to do the work under cover of night. As darkness came on the entire regiment set to work with a right good will. I received orders to engineer a section of the work, and after a trench fifteen or twenty inches in depth, by three feet wide, was completed, we commenced to stow away whole trees, minus limbs, commencing at the bottom of the trench. And here a calamity befell me. Through the excitement and bustle to complete the work, some of those whose task it was to bring the long trees, did so knowingly and understandingly, while others were careless and reckless of a place of deposit. Through the latter I became a cripple for life. While in the entrenchment, in a stooping position, one of those trees was thrown upon me, crushing me to the earth. How long I remained pinned to the ground by the tree, I cannot now tell, suffice to say I was released, and after a consultation held by our surgeon, Dr. Wilson, and others, it was decided that I might live long enough to reach the field hospital, and as our regiment was not provided with an ambulance, I was put astride the doctor's horse. I was carefully put astride of the noble animal, with blankets and the doctor's overcoat strapped in front of me to recline upon, and, to crown the climax, two sick soldiers, nearer dead than alive from chronic diarrhea, were detailed to hold me in position, with orders to proceed at once to some field hospital. Our journey was a rough one, through underbrush, over logs and rocks. My sick comrades did not know in what direction they were going, and they could not be censured, for their only ambition, seemingly, was to cling to my legs to aid themselves along, though greatly to my detriment, and the horse's inconvenience.

On the following day, about 3 p. m., it was my fortune to strike a hill, I of course being a silent partner; nevertheless, it was very satisfactory to me, for if ever there was a horrid-looking and badly used up soldier, I was that one. Completely covered with blood, which came from my mouth, ears and nostrils, I was too weak to move. My internal injuries have remained to this day. Without care or attendance I was placed on my back, with the blankets and the surgeon's overcoat under my head. The horse was hitched to a sapling near by, and my attending comrades crawled away to some log or other convenient spot to die. My sad condition had no charms for them, and thus I was left alone, save a hungry horse, for the next twenty-four hours. Night came on and with it came what I was famishing for—water—in the shape of dew, and by the aid of a heavy mustache I sipped the dew as it collected thereon. I saw the noonday sun the day following, but no tidings of my two comrades. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon two horsemen rode up and dismounted. One of them came up to me and asked what regiment I belonged to, and where it was stationed. Then I noticed that the strangers were the gray. My condition would not permit me to get a good look at the men. Naturally I expected something was about to happen. But what of it? It could not come too soon. My two assistants immediately dealt out liberal doses to the poor horse, 48 hours without water, and 50 hours without food, other than the bark he nibbled from the tree to which he was tethered; and myself, 54 hours without food or attendance. Verily, I was looking for relief only in death. "Had the time arrived?

The officer in gray was not idle in thought or deed. The surgeon's overcoat, with its stripes, plainly told to what station it belonged, and the horse—he was a good one if he did look bad—were too tempting and too easy prey to let slip, so my visitor politely pulled the overcoat from under my head, then proceeded to unfasten the horse and lead it away, then passing on to join his companion, I distinctly heard the latter say, "Why don't you end him up?" The comrade in gray halted and gave me a hopeless look, and answered "Oh, he wont hang out long!" At that time I thought it would be an act of mercy to relieve me of my suffering. One thurst of the sabre, and all would have been over with me.

The confederates, however, started on, and were soon lost to view. Another 24 hours of solitude and again the coming night brought me those precious drops of dew, sustaining the spark of life. The coming day brought me a new visitor, this time a comrade in blue; an officer who by chance stepped in my way. You can imagine my surprise to find a fellow-soldier in this critical condition in so isolated a place. After a hasty survey of the case, he gave me water from his canteen, and some medicine to revive me, and assured me I would soon be placed aboard an ambulance that would pass near by. On looking further he discovered one of the two sick comrades dead and cold; the other must have met the same fate. After remaining in such a frightful condition 63 hours, with nothing but the dew from the heavens to keep soul and body together, I was placed aboard the ambulance, and reached my regiment 12h. hours later.

After a last farewell look from many of my company, and a brotherly squeeze from the hand of my noble lieutenant, Henry J. Arnold, I was soon in field hospital. I recovered, and by the will of God I am yet alive. Now, comrades, all who had a hand in the programme, tells us through the Camp Fire you part in the affair. I will not know who was my escort; also who the boys in gray were, who captured so fine an outfit for a surgeon, and saw fit to spare my life? Although it may be a little late in the day to laugh about the foraging part, yet I will rejoice with you that we have learned a lesson, and learned it well. That we are one heart, one union, and one flag.—W. E. WADDOX, Co. L, 2d Nov. York Mounted Vols., Canal Louisville, O.

A TRAGEDY ENACTED,

By Which One Young Soldier Lost His Life—Sad Affair.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In our company were two brothers, David and Patsey Herbitt, of Pittsburg, Pa. They were splendid boys and well thought of by all the comrades. Another comrade, also in our company, named Wm. Nash, was as thoroughly disliked by all members of the company.

After the battle of Antietam, in which we lost one section of our battery, one section of the Pa. Bat'y, together with a section of Hampton Pitt. Bat'y, under command of Lieut. Demming, were sent back to Washington for new guns. Among the number were William Nash and Patsey Herbitt. The latter's brother, David Herbitt, having been wounded at Thoroughfare Gap, August 28, 1862, had been discharged. Patsey was a lad of sixteen summers; good-looking, lively and jolly, and admired by all the girls of his acquaintance, a fancy that happened to be within reach of camp. It so happened, when returning from Washington to our respective batteries, first on the way we stopped at a small town, seven miles below Harper's Ferry, to rest our men and horses. Both Nash and Herbitt fell in love with the same young lady. The young lady in question was very pretty and attractive, and many another boy in the same battery longed to be in the place of either one of the lucky men. Herbitt appeared to have the preference, owing to the fact of his being with the young lady most of his time. Some of the boys went out foraging. Among others was Wm. Nash. Before starting he said to Herbitt:

"If I find you with that young lady on coming back, I'll cut your black heart out!"

Nothing more was thought of the horrible threat for the time being. The foraging party returned about 10 o'clock, loaded down with chickens, turkeys, etc., and Nash at once repaired to the home of the fair one. There he surprised Herbitt and the lovely damsel, enjoying a tete-a-tete. Nothing two men at once got into an altercation. Nash had with him an old knife, the point of which was broken off. He caught Herbitt around the neck with one arm, and with the other hand pilfed the knife so effectually and swiftly, that before the onlookers, who were horrified at the scene which met their gaze, could interfere, poor Patsey dropped to the floor dead. As a matter of course, Nash was arrested and put under guard; but he never showed one particle of remorse or sorrow. Poor Patsey Herbitt was put into a rough-box and placed in the same building in which Nash was confined. Nash sat upon his victim's coffin, singing obscene songs, and smoking all night long. The prisoner was sent from there to Harper's Ferry, where, so it was reported, he beat a fellow-prisoner over the head with handcuffs until he died from the injuries inflicted. Shortly after this occurrence Nash made his escape, and I have never heard from him since.—JOHN T. ADAMS, Batty. C, Ind. Pa. Lt. Arty., New Matamoras, O.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

A Quarter of a Century Ago—A Comrade's Recollection.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Twenty-five years ago to-day (January 1) the 20th Corps, part of the left wing of Sherman's army, left its camp near Savannah, Ga., to enter the state of South Carolina. Camp was broken early in the morning, the 3d Brig., 3d Div., leading. When the column reached the Savannah river we found the engineer's corps at work trying to lay a "pontoon." The river at that point was about three-fourths of a mile wide. On the opposite shore stood a large frame house. Two or three windows on the second floor were darkened, a flash was seen, then the report of a rifle was heard. The 20th Corps lay along the river, but it was useless to attempt to drive the rebel sharpshooters from their cover by musketry. Gen. Williams ordered up Battery M, of a New York Lt. Arty. Reg. In twenty minutes after its arrival, the ground was raised by a hundred shovels, and a gun placed in position. The sergeant sighted his piece and ordered fire. The shell went over the house. Standing within 15 feet of him, I heard him make this remark: "The next one will fetch you!" The second shell struck the roof and exploded. We could see the Johnnies ride away. Five hours later the pontoon was laid, and the 20th Corps entered South Carolina on New Year's day. We found three horses killed and two badly wounded men as the result of the two shells.—M. LOENSHAL, Co. H, 20th Conn. Inf. Vols., Toledo, Ohio.

A POPULAR COMMANDER.

An Order Disobeyed—The Boys Preferred Their Bacon Fried.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I first saw Gen. Daniel Butterfield (mention of whom was recently made in THE BLADE) at Wauhatchie, after the 20th A. C. was organized. He commanded the 3d Div. and my regiment (129th Ills.) was in the 1st Brig. of that division. He was a brave and competent general, and less arrogant than some company lieutenants. While on the Atlanta campaign, marching, skirmishing and fighting every day, and often a considerable portion of the night, he issued an order which was not kindly received, nor long observed. He discovered that the men were frying their meat, (army bacon) and ordered that the meat should be boiled. When we were until 10 or 11 o'clock at night getting to camp, and the rations for the next day were issued and each man received a piece of meat about the size of a chunk of chalk, we wanted to rest, and sleep. Each man did not want to "check" his meat ration with a stick or string, and have the same, by the cook, put into the camp-kettle, and then wait for his bacon to boil, thus keeping the cook at work a couple hours longer; neither did we want the meat cooked in that way, as it would sometimes boil away more than half, and when eating our hardtack next day we would be obliged to wash it down with water, as our meat-ration was next to useless. I don't know whether the general received any private letters, giving the private opinion of the private soldiers, or not; but the order was soon disregarded, and Butterfield was severely denounced for a week or two. The general had a very tony tent, but sometimes slept on the ground with the sky for a roof; and with the exception of a few cranky notions, possible in the barracks, but impossible in active campaigning, he was a popular commander, and I am pleased to hear of his success in a financial way.—R. SPRINGER, Neola, Kansas.

THE STORIES

Of the Mother and Daughter Didn't Agree —The Colonel Asked Questions.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In January, 1863, after the battle of Stone's river, our regiment went out foraging for corn. We went about eight or ten miles and came to a farm, or plantation, where there was plenty of corn. I was put on guard in the rear of the house and another soldier in front of the house. While the wagons were being loaded, our colonel stepped into the house. The mother and daughter were there. The colonel asked the woman if she was a widow, and she said she was. He said: "If you are a Union woman, you will get pay for your corn." She said that she had, and if she had any sons they would fight for the North. Just then another girl ran into the room, saying: "Mother, here is father!" A bushwhacker appeared back of the house, on horseback, armed with a long rifle and a revolver. I halted him and called the other guard. The colonel then asked the second young lady if the elder lady was her mother, and she answered, "yes." He then asked her if she had any brothers. She said she had two—one was in Murfreesboro dangerously wounded, and the other was with Bragg. We took the bushwhacker in to Gen. Rosecrans—no corn was paid for!—L. T., Co. K, 100th Ills., V. L.

DID DUTY

In Several Different Capacities—Seven Months on Crutches.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In 1863 I became detached from my regiment, while laying at New Orleans, La., while convalescent, right after the seige of (the rebel stronghold) Vicksburg, Miss. I was detailed as ambulance driver, on duty at the field hospital, to haul off the dead, the soldiers that were confined there dying off like rotten sheep. Every morning I would fill up my ambulance with dead comrades in rough-boxes (called coffins) and draw them to the cemetery, where I was relieved of them by a detachment of negroes for that purpose. This was in August, and in September we were moved to the city and quartered in a cotton gin. My duty was then of a different nature. There were about 20 of us on detached duty, and about 12 horses, and a wagon, master of the charge. I was soon after transferred to the A. A. Q. Master office, as issuing clerk, under Lieut. H. H. Harrington, of an Ills. Regt. Then I was detailed as wagon-master of our same squad, the lieutenant to command. I had quite a number of men and horses to draw rations for, and look after their work, which we confined to duty in the city. While on my horse, one day, he became unmanageable and fell with me under him. My left foot was broken at the instep, and I had to be taken to the barracks hospital. While there the command was broken up and all rejoined the regiment. I was on crutches seven months. I have forgotten the regiments that they all belonged to, but I remember the names of many, and if any of the comrades see this, I would be glad to hear from them, either by letter or through the Camp Fire, especially Comrades H. H. Harrington, Olie Woodcock, sergeant Peoria, Ills., battery, or George Gardiner, 42d O. V. I.—L. BATES, Co. I, 38th Iowa, Wauseon, Ohio.

STAGE ROBBING

In the Land of the Setting Sun—A Big Haul.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—During '63, '64 and '65 there were a great many stages robbed, and individuals robbed and murdered, and this is how it came about: In July, 1864, the stage running from Placerville, Cala., to Virginia City, Nev., was robbed at or near the Mountain House, about twelve miles from Placerville. There were fourteen men in the party and they secured some $54,000 in gold and silver. The sheriff of Placerville and and a deputy were killed in trying to arrest the robbers, but a posse of men went for them, and they separated and fled. Three of the party came to San Jose, Cala., (that being their home) and ambushed, waiting for pay day at the Almeden mine, expecting to rob the coach as it went to the mine, as it generally took $12,000 or $14,000 to pay the hands. But Sheriff Adams learned of their rendezvous, and called on me and six or seven others, and we went for them, killing two and capturing the other, who turned state's evidence and gave their plans away. Each had a certificate of membership of a confederate company, and the money they had taken went to supply the confederate cause with what was most needed.—E. B. WILES, Co. E, 1st Cal. Cav., Darby, Mont.

A GHASTLY FIND.

A Sequel to a Tragedy, as Told By One of the "Jawhawkers."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Wednesday afternoon, September 7, 1864, the lieutenant of the pickets, while going between the posts, found the skelton of a man hanging to a tree. He came in and reported the same. About twenty of us went out with him and viewed the remains. We found an old saddle; also, a pass signed by Gen. Steel, and an oath of allegiance in his pockets. The sequel to this tragedy, as near as we could learn was, that the dead had been a citizen of Arizona. A professed loyal citizen was twice found in company with armed guerrillas and sent to Gen. Steel's headquarters at Little Rock by the 22d O. V. I. He was released by the general and word sent to the 22d not to molest him or any other loyal citizen in like manner again. This aroused the anger of the 22d boys. Soon after said citizen went out on a pass, and, when next found, was in the condition I have stated. Now, boys, I hope you will not charge on me, as I would have a poor chance to get away, and Gen. Steel would just let me take care of myself. Will Comrade Hill, 7th Kans., give us a chapter on Coffeeville, or Ripley Run? Am always glad to hear from the "Jayhawkers."—M. MCCURRY, Co. A, 3d Mich. V. V. Cav., Hall's Corners, Ind.

CHIPS AND CHUNKS.

FOUGHT WITH LOGAN.—I was a member of Co. C, 31st Ills., Vol. Inft., 1st Brig., 3d Divs., 17th A. C., served three years and one month, and did some hard fighting. Was in seven hard-fought battles, besides some skirmishes. John A. Logan was our colonel when I enlisted, and he stood by his men, through thick and thin. He never said, "*Go on*, boys." He was always in advance and said, "*Come on*, boys." Would like to hear from some of my old comrades through the Camp Fire.—T. M. GASSAWAY, Rosebud, Montana.

* * *

AFTER A COMRADE.—I cannot see why Comrade Chumley thinks I am wrong, because I gave facts in the case, as I know, of the 350 detail of our regiment, regardless of any other command. I was not aware of any 24 Tenn. Inft. troops being in the vicinity of Knoxville until I saw it in THE BLADE, December 26. Almost every soldier writes something about the late war, and it is wonderful how each comrade will tell a different story, when they were all in fact the same spot.—WILLIAM HIMES, Lyons, Ohio.

* * *

WITH BURBRIDGE AND STONEMAN.—At 15 years of age I found myself carrying a musket for Uncle Abe. If I never get one cent of pension money I shall never regret the course I took when our flag was insulted. I was on the ever-to-be-remembered Saltville raid in 1864, under Burbridge and Stoneman. Forty days in the saddle without fire or rations. I was badly frozen and cut off from my company. I traveled from Fond Gap to Lexington, Ky., with Lieut. Ford, 30th Ky., and Jim Berry, 53d Ky. If either of these old pards are living I would be very much to hear from them. I live in the midst of Morgan men, and, boys, the best element of the Democratic party is that which met us on the battlefield.—JOE FLAHERTY, Corp. Co. D, 54th Ky. Vol. Inft., Payneville, Ky.

* * *

MILK AND HONEY.—While we were in camp about three miles from Nashville, Tenn., I was put on guard at a rebel's house to protect property. This rebel had three bee hives. I told three boys of the 3d Ky. Inft. to come about 9 o'clock p. m. When the boys came I stepped into the house and asked the inmates for a drink of water. The lady of the house asked me if I would not rather have milk. I told her it would be a great treat. I remained inside as long as I dared, and when I came out the bee-hives had disappeared. The old rebel went to our camp next morning and reported the loss of his bees, and he and the colonel went into every tent of our regiment looking for honey, but they found none. The old rebel called us Yankee thieves and Lincolnites. When the colonel sat down to dinner he found a can of fine honey provided, but he asked no questions.—L. TANNER, 100th Ills. V. I.

* * *

AN INCIDENT.—The following incident occurred in April, 1863, while on Grant's famous expedition with a fleet of gunboats and transports down the "Yazoo Pass," to get in the rear of Vicksburg. The stream was so narrow and crooked that a pioneer corps went in advance of the fleet, cutting and removing trees and overhanging boughs along the shore

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

"Blue Laws" of Connecticut.

J. C. T., Camoria, Wis.: 1.—The term "Blue laws" is applied to such as relate to the private consciences of individuals. All countries formerly had such codes, and the thirteen colonies were no exception, before the Revolution. The code of Connecticut is often spoken of in this respect. Those most noted were of the colony of New Haven, which was unified with that of Connecticut colony in 1655. Here is a full copy of the New Haven 1st, often called the "Connecticut Blue Laws:"

BLUE LAWS.

The governor and magistrates, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power under God, of the independent dominion.

Idolatry against the dominion shall be punished with death.

Whosoever says there is a power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion, shall suffer death and the loss of his property.

Whosoever attempts to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrate or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered a Quaker, Adamite or other heretic.

If any person shall turn Quaker, he shall be banished and not suffered to return on pain of death.

No Quaker priest shall abide in this dominion, or he shall be banished, and suffer death on return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No women shall kiss her children on the Sabbath day or fast day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty until he clear himself by his oath.

No one shall buy or sell land without permission of the selectmen.

When anyone is accused, but an accused person has confederates, and refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who shall not debar him the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor shall be put in the stocks, or receive ten stripes.

No man or beast shall keep a school.

Men or beasts shall suffer death.

Whosoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above two shillings per yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender £300 on his estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold, to make satisfaction.

Whosoever brought a new trade or device into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read the Common Prayer book, keep Christmas or set days, or play on any instrument except the drum or jew's harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate only shall join them in marriage, as they do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriage, the magistrate shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding the children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them in better hands at the expense of the parents.

A man who strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned in jail.

Every male shall have his hair cut round, according to a cap.

The Bible.

Querist, Strang, Neb., asks: "At what date was the Bible given to the world, and adopted as a book of divine inspiration?"

No single date can be given. The Old Testament was the sacred book of the Jews, but it was not acknowledged by any other people, of course. The various books of which it is composed are believed to have been first collected by Ezra, after the Babylonish captivity. The famous Greek version of the Old Testament called the septuagint, was made by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, 284—246 B. C. He did not do this because he had any belief in its divine origin, but in pursuance of a project to have the famous Alexandrian library contain the laws of all nations. He obtained the services of 72 learned Jews to translate it into Greek; hence the name "Septuagint," from the Latin *septuaginta*, seventy. It is regarded as the most ancient and valuable of the Greek translations of the Old Testament.

As to the New Testament, there is a wide difference of opinion as to when its various books were written. The view of the churches generally is that they were written by the persons whose names are given in connection with them, in the common version. The latest writing of the critical writers are that the first three gospels were probably not written by Matthew, Mark and Luke, but that the story of Christ's life on earth was told verbally among the Christians. This is supported by the known fact that the early Christians expected the second coming of our Savior almost momentarily, and hence did not think of committing to writing the history of our Lord's earthly life. Afterward, as the years rolled on, and Christianity spread, the need of a written record of Christ's teachings was seen, and the different traditions were reduced to writing. This theory accounts for the numerous small discrepancies between the various gospels—as it is well known to every Bible reader that the gospels differ in their accounts of the same transaction. Compare Matthew viii., 28-32; Mark v, 1-13; Luke viii., 26-33—Matthew stating there were two men possessed of devils, Mark and Luke naming but one—besides other minor differences in stat ment. Another example out of the many that might be mentioned is the inscription over the cross, each gospel giving a different wording—compare Matthew xxvii., 37; Mark xv., 26; Luke xxiii., 38; John xix., 19 There are also an immense number of differences in renderings between the most ancient manuscripts of the Bible; and our English translations are not to be understood as the translation of one single, complete manuscript, but the result of the comparison of a vast number of manuscript versions, and the adoption of that reading which, in the critical judgment of the translators, is most worthy of credence. The selection of the present books of the New Testament, and the declaration that they were to be accepted by the church, was done by the Council of Carthage, A. D. 397. There were quite a number of other books which appeared, some in one and some in another of the manuscripts of the New Testament. Among them were the Epistle of Barnabus, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Revelation of Peter, the Acts of Paul, the Gospels of Peter, Thomas and Matthias, and others, which are now regarded as spurious.

To Become a Railway Postal Clerk.

M. D. E., Rocky Ridge, O.: The railway postal service is now under the civil service regulations. The first thing to do is to write to "John T. Doyle, Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.," stating that you desire to be examined for a position as railway mail clerk. You will be sent a schedule of the times and places of examination, with a form of application, and three forms of statements concerning the applicant. These are all to be properly filled out, and you must select the time and place at which you wish to be examined, and return them. You will then be sent a card entitling you to examination at that time and place.

Applicants must not be under 18 or over 35, except that a man honorably discharged from the army and navy *because of disability* resulting in the line of duty is not subject to the age limit, if otherwise he is competent. There is but one grade of examination, all appointments being made to class 1, which includes all places of $800 or less per annum. All places above are filled by promotion.

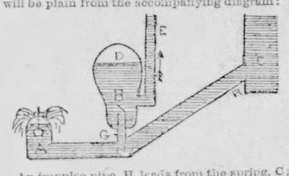
The examination includes: orthography, penmanship, copying, arithmetic (including fractions and percentage), letter-writing, geography of the United States; geography of the state or railway mail division in which the applicant resides; the railway systems of his state and mail divisions; reading letter addresses.

Each applicant who passes the examination and receives the required grade will be entered on the list of eligibles from his own state, to be certified for appointment from that state in the order of grade. It will probably be several months, perhaps a year or more, before you will receive an appointment.

The Hydraulic Ram.

"Several," Clarksville, Iowa: The best way for you to do is to get some hardware dealer to send to some manufacturer of hydraulic rams for sizes and prices, and the information necessary to enable you to determine whether your spring is so situated that one can be used or not.

The principle of the ram is the raising of water by the employment of its own momentum acquired by a fall, a small portion of the water only being raised. There should be about 6 feet head to raise water 30 feet in vertical height. The working will be plain from the accompanying diagram:



An impulse pipe, H, leads from the spring, C; the lower ends turns up at A, where there is a large conical valve, opening downward. This valve has such a weight that the simple pressure of the water will not raise it, a certain degree of momentum being required. When the valve is open, the water rushes through it, obtains enough momentum, pushes up the valve and shuts off the escape of the water. The motion of the water at the end, A, is arrested, but not entirely so in the portion of the pipe between H and C; so the momentum opens the valve B, and forces water into the air-chamber D, and thence through the delivery pipe E. When the impulse of the water passing through the valve B becomes less than the pressure of the water above the valve, B closes and keeps the water that passed through from returning. The time of this flow is very short. Then the valve A opens, because the momentum of the water has been checked, and the series of actions is repeated.

Assaying Gold and Silver.

We thank W. P. F., Butte City, Mont., for the following contribution:

In answer to "G. R., Pedro, Mo., on Dec. 19 you say you would like to have a workable method of assay by which the presence of gold or silver may be detected. I take the liberty to send the following:

To make a test for gold or silver when it is in the form of metal, get an ounce of nitric acid and a test tube. If a test tube cannot be obtained, then one of the round bottles such as pills are sometimes put up in. If you make a pill for silver put a small piece in the bottle; the tenth part of the size of a pin's head is sufficient; pour on about ten drops of the acid, heat over a candle or on a stove until it boils; if the piece be silver it will be destroyed in a few seconds. Then take it off the fire and add about twice as much water as there is of acid in the test tube, then hold it to the light so you can observe its action and drop a few particles of fine table salt in it, and if it be silver a white streak will form where each particle of salt passed through the solution.

If the metal to be tested is of gold and silver together, burn it with acid as given for silver, and the silver will be taken up by the acid as in the first test, and the gold will fall to the bottom of the tube in the form of a black sponge or powder, which may be obtained by filling the tube to the top with water, then hold a plate to the top of the tube and invert the plate and tube both together and the gold will fall down on the plate; then slide the tube to one side of the gold and allow the water to run out in such a manner as not to wash away the gold. If silver and gold in quartz I will say that with few exceptions it can not be tested by any process except a thorough one which is too tedious for the columns of the Bureau and would be too expensive for a man unless he learns the business and intends to follow it for a profession. Some gold ores can be tested by grinding them very fine in a mortar and washing out the lighter parts in a pan or saucer that is thoroughly clean of any grease; yellow particles may be seen in the pan after the lighter particles are washed away, but if the ore contains yellow pyrites of iron you can not tell in this way.

If you do not understand the business it is better to pay an assayer to test the ores for you.

Our New Navy.

Subscriber, Wallace, Neb.: 1—The "new" navy of the United States, built or building, is as follows:

Armored vessels.	Condition.	Material.
Puritan	Built	Iron
Miantonomoh	"	"
Amphitrite	"	"
Monadnock	"	"
Terror	"	"
Maine	Building	Steel
Texas	"	"
Six monitors	"	Iron
Unarmored vessels.		
Chicago	Built	Steel
Boston	"	"
Atlanta	"	"
Dolphin	"	"
Charleston	"	"
Baltimore	"	"
Newark	Building	"
Yorktown	Built	"
Philadelphia	Building	"
San Francisco	"	"
Concord	"	"
Bennington	"	"
Vesuvius (dynamite cruiser)	"	"
1st class boats	"	"
Stiletto, torpedo boat	Built	Wood

2.—Germany has the best large guns of any modern nation. 3.—No new fortifications have been built on New York harbor.

Krishna.

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H. R., Pacific Grove, Cal., asks: 1.—"What rights have the states which are not allowed to the federal government?" Article X of the amendments to the United States constitution says: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people." That is, a state or the people thereof have any and all rights not enumerated in the constitution as belonging to the federal government (see Art. I, Sec. viii, for instance); or not prohibited to the states (see Art. I, Sec. x).

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Josephus—Swedenborg—Sienna.

H. T., Clark's, Neb.: 1.—Flavius Josephus was a celebrated Jewish historian, born at Jerusalem about A. D. 37, died about A. D. 98. His principal works are "History of the Jewish War" and "Jewish Antiquities," containing the history of his countrymen from the earliest times down to the end of Nero's reign.

2.—Emanuel Swedenborg was born in Stockholm, Sweden, 1688, and died in London in 1772. Up to the age of 56 years his life was devoted to business and scientific pursuits; the remainder of his life to theology. After 1744 he professed to enjoy free access to heaven and hell, and he wrote a number of works setting forth his alleged experience and his doctrines. His works received little attention from his contemporaries.

3.—"Sienna," or Sienna earth, is a brownish-yellow pigment, found near the city of Sienna, Italy, and used to color paint. In its natural state it is called "raw Sienna;" when heated for some time it becomes much redder in color and is called "burnt Sienna."

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G. B. H., Chavies, Ky.: George Brinton McClellan was born in Philadelphia, Dec. 3, 1826; graduated at West Point, 1846, and joined the army in Mexico as second lieutenant of engineers, under Gen. Scott; was president of the Ohio & Mississippi railroad at the opening of the rebellion; was appointed major-general of volunteers from Ohio, and afterward major-general in the regular army. In 1864 he left the army and was Democratic candidate for the Presidency; was elected governor of New Jersey in 1877; died 1885.

Artesian Wells.

E. M. C., Herrick, Neb., asks: "Where does the artesian well water come from?" All rocks contain more or less water. Sand-rocks hold a large amount; a cubic yard of pure sea-sand will hold ⅓ its bulk of water, and if a well were sunk in it, the water might all be obtained. Now, imagine a layer of sand-rock between layers of clay, and it is plain that the clay will hold the water in the rock. The general slope of the geologic strata west of the Mississippi river is down from the mountains toward the river. The water-bearing strata, which may be of sand, or gravel, or rock, remay receive their supplies of water in the Rocky mountains. By boring a well down to one of them in Nebraska, the water rises to the surface because its source is so much higher.

Certified Checks—National Bank Security

M. D. E., Rocky Ridge, O.: 1.—The Latin abbreviation *et al.*, means either et alibi, "and elsewhere," or *et alii*, "and others."

2.—If A has money in a bank, and gives a check on that bank to B, who takes it to another bank, the latter will not pay it unless B endorses it, and thus makes himself liable if it turns out to be worthless. The usual proceeding in such cases is to have the check "certified;" that is it is taken to the bank on which it is drawn, and the cashier certifies across its face that the money is in his bank for its payment.

3.—National banks are no safer than any other bank for depositors. The bonds held at the treasury are security for the bank's notes, not for the security of the depositors.

European Tariffs—Immigration in 1889.

1.—All European nations, except Turkey, have duties which are partially protective. That is, protective duties are laid on some articles, revenue duties on others.

2.—The following table gives the total immigration from foreign countries for the year 1889:

England	29,051	Spain	88
Ireland	30,790	Portugal	18
Wales	616	Denmark	6,967
Scotland	6,719	Hungary	13,844
Germany	69,869	Austria	13,656
France	4,432	Bohemia	4,897
Russia	27,327	Australia	15
Poland	2,875	Turkey	260
Switzerland	6,752	Greece	393
Holland	5,833	Italy	27,216
Sweden	24,842	Other countries	899
Norway	9,454		
Belgium	2,167	Total	315,228

The Bicycle—Fast Skating.

G. I. B., North Loup, Neb.: 1.—The bicycle is the modern form of the velocipede. It is steadily increasing in popularity and is largely used in cities and towns, and in sections where the roads are good enough to allow its use.

2.—The ice skating record is kept by distance, and we find a vast number of records less than a mile. The best mile on record was made straightaway, on the Hudson, at Newburg, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1887, by Tim Donoghue, jr., with the mile in his favor—2:13 2-5. The best records, one mile, without wind (which invalidates fairness) are: Alex. Paulsen, Brooklyn, Feb. 2, 1884, 3:26 2-5; A. von Panschin, Amsterdam, Holland, Jan. 9, 1889, 2:58 3-5.

3.—We have not a description of the game of hand-ball.

The Fate of Morgan.

M. W., Dayton, O., speaking of an answer to a query in the Bureau of December 26, as to Wm. Morgan, in which we said, "His fate has never been ascertained," says, "The fate of Morgan *has* been ascertained, and lectures us because we don't abuse secret societies.

We stated a simple fact in saying the fate of Morgan has never been ascertained. We were speaking from an absolutely unprejudiced standpoint, too. No legal conclusion as to his fate was ever reached, and that is what we had in mind in writing. So far as we know, no trustworthy information has ever been had concerning him. If M. W. or any one else has any proof of his fate, we shall be most glad to publish it, as a first-class item of news.

Indians and Negroes.

C. M. R., Whitehouse, O.: "Please give a statement showing the number of Indians in the United States in 1620 and now 1889. Also the number of negroes in 1620 and now."

There is no possible way of determining how many Indians there were in the United States in 1620. The only way to ascertain the number of people is by a census; and of course no census is ever taken among uncivilized people, especially when they are divided into hostile tribes. The total number of Indians now is about 250,000, or 300,000. There were 20 negroes in the United States in 1620, landed the year before at Jamestown, Va., by a Dutch trader. Now the total number of negroes in the United States is about 8,000,000.

The Chinese Wall.

G. A. E., Clifton, Kan.: 1.—The Great Wall of China, called "Wan-li-chang," or "Myriad-mile wall" by the Chinese—was built by the first emperor of the Tsin dynastry, about 220 B. C., as a protection against the Tartars of the north of the northern boundary of China proper, and runs over hills across valleys and rivers. Its length is estimated at 1,250 miles. In some places it is built of stone, earth and brick, in places it is a simple mountain ridge; in a pan or saucer that is thoroughly clean of any grease; yellow particles may be seen in the pan after the lighter particles are washed away, but if the ore contains yellow pyrites of iron you can not tell in this way.

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SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels, and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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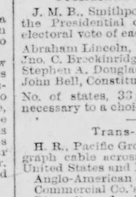

How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Duty on Leather.

R. M. W., Achor, O.: 1.—You will find the duty on wheat given in the Bureau of January 9. 2.—The duty on leather is as follows:

Calfskins, tanned, dressed or finished, of all other kinds, and skins dressed and finished, of all kinds, 20 per cent ad valorem;

Skins of morocco, finished, 20 per cent ad valorem; tanned but not finished, 10 per cent ad valorem;

Leather, belting leather, Spanish or other sole leather and leather not otherwise enumerated, 15 per cent ad valorem;

All manufactured articles of leather, 30 per cent ad valorem.

Paint for Coal Oil Barrels.

E. P. B., McArthur, O., asks: "Please tell me how is the paint which is used on coal oil barrels prepared; that is, what is the material?"

At the Standard Oil station in this city the following is the method: Rosin is first pounded to a powder and mixed with naphtha, three pounds to a gallon. This is call d varnish in the trade. After stirring thoroughly, for blue paint, use 32 pounds of paint to 5 gallons of varnish, if for a heavy cont; if for a thin one, use 15 pounds. For purple paint, use 5 pounds paint to 3 gallons varnish.

For green or red paint, use 15 gallons varnish to 10 pounds paint.

Judgment on Impeachment.

O. H., Hillgrove, O.: 1.—When an impeached person has been found guilty by the senate, the constitution says: "Judgment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to holding office of honor, trust or profit under the United States." It cannot effect his right to vote, or to hold office under a state

2.—We know nothing about the situation of heaven.

3.—France recognized the independence of the colonies, and sent a fleet over to aid us in the struggle with Great Britain. Any school history of the United States will tell you all about it.

Is it Benjamin West?

A. W. S., Enosburg Falls (who omits his state, supposing that everybody in the country knows that it is in Vermont—which we didn't, until we looked it up), asks: "What American was buried in Westminster Abbey?" That is another "catch" question, which should never be propounded. We do not know, but think it is Benjamin West, the painter. He was a Quaker, born in Pennsylvania, but went to London, and was President of the Royal Academy when he died in 1820. There is a memorial tablet to Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, but of course he is not buried there.

The "Dark Ages."

C. U., Atlantic, Pa.: The term "Dark Ages" is applied to that period of the world's history from the fall of Rome to the revival of learning in the fifteenth century; or according to some, from the invasion of France by Clovis in A. D. 486 to that of Naples by Charles VIII, in 1495. That is, in general terms, they included the 1,000 years preceding the discovery of America. They were called the "Dark Ages" because all learning was, as a rule, confined to the clergy and a few others; even some of the leading charters of history could not write their own names.

Extinct Animals—Victoria's Surname.

M. K., Lancaster, O.: 1.—Among animals that have become extinct within a century we recall the great auk, an aquatic bird; the dodo; and possibly there are some other birds. Of mammals, the American buffalo is almost extinct, and unless preserved by domestication, will soon pass away. The kangaroo is fast nearing extinction also.

2.—Queen Victoria has no surname, nor have any of the old royal families of Europe, with possibly an exception or two. Surnames only came into general use since the revival of learning.

"The Cold New Year."

W. H. P., Tipton, Iowa, and Reader, Defiance, O., ask: "Please give date of the cold New Year of war times."

It was January 1, 1864. The previous day was warm and rainy, and remained so as night came on, to the vivid recollection of the writer, who was in Columbus, O., at the time. The weather suddenly changed, and before midnight everything was frozen. The cold increased in severity, and New Year's day was one of the coldest ever known. Many persons were frozen to death, especially brakemen on trains and persons traveling on unfrequented roads.

Why Jeff. Davis was Not Tried.

O. G., Wayland: Jeff. Davis's trial on the charge of treason never took place for several good reasons. First, it would have necessarily occurred at Richmond, and it would have been impossible to find there a jury to convict him; second, the policy of the government was one of conciliation and mercy to the defeated participants in the rebellion, and it was a wise thing not to attempt to punish Davis. That would have made a martyr of him in the eyes of the Southern people; letting him alone caused him to drop into comparative obscurity.

Pension Enactments:

L. C., Green City, Mo., asks: "In what year did congress pass a law giving all the soldiers who fought in the war of 1812 pensions?" The first pension law enacted by congress, passed May 8, 1792, declared that if any officer or soldier "be wounded or disabled while in actual service, he shall be taken care of and provided for at the public expense." The act of April 10, 1812, authorized pensions to the widows or minor children of soldiers. Additional pension laws were passed on April 16, 1816; March 3, 1817; July 4, 1836; March 3, 1837. A service pension was not granted, however, till Feb. 14, 1871, 57 years after the war closed.

Pauperism.

X. Y. Z., Jewell, O.: 1.—It is impossible to obtain general statistics as to the per cent of persons of foreign birth in poor-houses of the United States at present. The census this year will probably throw light on the subject.

2.—Your friend is mistaken in saying that France has no poor-houses. In 1872 she had 46 departmental almshouses, and 12,867 local bureaus of charity, which work on a system similar to out-door relief in this country. Over 15,000,000 francs are raised yearly by taxation for the support of paupers in France.

Census Matters.

W. H. G., Caldwell, O.: 1.—The salary of district supervisors of the census will be $500 for the entire work, unless Congress raises it.

2.—How can we give the names of the supervisors when they are not yet appointed? We have said, time and again, in the Bureau, that when they were appointed we should publish them in the "News of the Week." Watch that department. Hereafter, send your postoffice address if you want answers. If you cannot observe Rule 1, don't expect us to reply.

The Mild Winter.

H. M. H., Lock Haven, Pa., writes: "Can you give any theories as to why there has been such an open winter in the Middle States?"

It needs no "theory." It is a fact that sometimes a summer will be excessively cold, or a winter unseasonably warm. Elderly people here in Ohio say that the winter of 1842-43 was very much like this up to February, when snow fell in Ohio to an average depth of 3½ to 4 feet, and did not melt till near the middle of April.

Presidential Candidates in 1860.

J. M. B., Smithport, Pa.: The following were the Presidential candidates in 1860, and the electoral vote of each:

Abraham Lincoln, Republican	180
Gen. C. Breckinridge, Southern Democrat	72
Stephen A. Douglas, Northern Democrat	12
John Bell, Constitutional Union	34

No. of states, 33; total electoral vote, 303; necessary to a choice, 152.

Trans-Atlantic Cables.

H. R., Pacific Grove, Cal.: The lines of telegraph cable across the Atlantic between the United States and Europe, are as follows:

Anglo-American company, 3 cables.
Commercial Co.'s (Mackay-Bennett), 2 cables.
Direct line—1 cable.
Western Union company—2 cables.
French company—2 cables.
Total, 10 cables.

What is a "Knot?"

H. W. G., Cortland, N. Y.: 1.—The nautical mile, or "knot," is the same as the land mile; it is the length of a minute of longitude on the equator, and is equal to 1.15 land miles.

2.—The only methods now used for propelling steam vessels are the screw and side-wheel, but the latter is going out of use.

The Largest Engine.

L. H. D. writes: "Some time ago a reader asked for the name of the largest engine in the United States. The answer was 'The Corliss.' The 'Superior' engine at the Calumet and Hecla copper mine is 4,700 horse power—about three times the power of the Corliss."

Miscellaneous.

S. B. G., Danville: We have not the list.

W. F., Wilcox, Pa: We have no copy of the song.

J. R., Trinity, Tex.: Thanks, but the poem is too long.

Mrs. R: We never saw the poem on Vallandigham to which you refer.

H. C. W., Beatville, O.: The sugar duties are given in the Bureau of Jan. 2.

E. J., Washington, C. H., O.: Get some bookseller to order the book for you. See rule 2 above.

M. P., West Salem, Wis.: We are not familiar enough with the inside workings of life insurance companies to answer.

H. W. B., Hoyser, W. Va., asks for "the platform of the Farmers' Alliance." Will some reader send it to the Bureau?

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: 1. See Bureau of Dec. 26. 2.—There has been no robbery of the United States treasury "since the war."

W. E. asks if it is a fact that New York never cast her electoral vote twice for the same person? No; she cast it for Grant both in 1868 and 1872.

C. B. H. S., Weston, O.: There is no "theory" about planchette. It is moved by the hand of one of the persons holding it, either voluntarily or involuntarily.

H. S. B., Mills, Pa.: 1.—The oleomargarine bill was passed four or five years ago; we have not the vote. 2.—The import duty on corn is given in the Bureau of Jan. 9.

H. B. Congdon, Neb.: Charlie Ross was the son of Christian K. Ross, of Philadelphia. He was only about 7 or 8 years old, we think, when he was kidnapped in 1871.

E. R. C., Central City, Iowa.: We should be glad to give the address of some coin collector, if it would not be at the same time a first-class free advertisement for him. See Rule 3 above.

B., Newport, N. Y.: What we said was that when the apostrophe alone was added to a word the pronunciation is not changed. In the example you give, "George's," the apostrophe and s are both added.

A. F. O. D., Parsons, Kan.: 1.—We cannot take space to repeat the biography of Jeff Davis. 2.—Cardinal Richelieu was a historic figure, the hero of "Richelieu" is by Bulwer, not Shakespeare.

N. S. C., Oshkosh, Wis.: 1.—What kind of "sensitive paper" do you mean? If you refer to the albumen paper on which photographs are made, you can buy it cheaper and infinitely better than you could make it. 2.—Paris green is arsenite of copper.

J. D., Sharon, Pa.: If you will think a moment, we cannot be expected to know the provisions of the laws of every state. Any justice of the peace will tell you what the law is in your state about dogs.

M. M., Muscatine, Iowa: 1.—Probably Paganini was the most eminent violinist. 2.—There is a book entitled "Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," which any bookseller will order for you.

I. A. B., Stevens, Ind.: We can hardly be expected to keep posted in matters of state law. You can find out about the township institute fund by looking it up in the state statutes, which any lawyer or justice of the peace will let you see.

L. W. J., Sunville, Pa.: 1.—Under very high license, the number of saloons is certainly diminished; whether this diminishes liquor consumption, is a matter we can not tell. 2.—Any good druggist will tell you what course to pursue to obtain a knowledge of pharmacy.

P. O. H., Hammansburg, O.: The prohibition question has not been made a party question by either of the great parties, and neither is a record in its platform for or against it. The question of the regulation of the traffic was made political in Ohio from 1883 to 1887, but then it was dropped.

E. S. S., Kanona, Kan.: 1.—There is no river whose mouth is higher than its source, though a great many people think the Mississippi does. 2.—The sea-level is the level of the ocean along shore. By getting the height of mercury at that place, and the transporting it to a then spot, the height of the latter can be found by calculation.

E. B., Vandalia, Ill.: 1.—The treaty of 1884 with Mexico merely referred to commercial relations. 2.—The "negro exodus" of 1879 was simply the concerted removal of a number of negro families from various points in the South to the West, because of race troubles. It amounted to nothing, comparatively. 3.—Robert J. Burdette is his real name.

G. F. T., Hawkinsville, Ga.: 1.—John A. Murrell was a river pirate and murderer, and we do not think it worth while to hunt up the lives of criminals. 2.—Read the close of "The Demagogue" last week for Caleb Mason's fate. We may say that the principal characters of the work are not real persons, though the leading events are real, especially those narrated in the political campaigns.

R. Mc., Pitzer, Iowa: 1.—Ice is of the same temperature as the surrounding air as long as the air is colder than 32 deg.; when the atmosphere gets warmer than this, the ice begins to melt, and the act of melting keeps its temperature at 32 deg. until it is entirely melted. The contraction from cold of iron has never been ascertained, as far as we know.

E. H., New Berlin, Ill.: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the name of a very popular children's story, by Mrs. Burnett, on which a play has been founded. You can buy the story in book form at any book-store. 2.—Sarah Bernhardt is probably the leading actress of the present day. Such things are simply matters of opinion, however. 3.—It is simply a matter of opinion, whether the telegraph, the telephone, the railway, the steamship, the electric light, or some other, is the greatest invention of the age.

DR. SETH AR

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1890.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10, OR EVERY FIFTH COPY FREE. Agents may retain 15 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 107,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

This week we begin our new serial, entitled "Come Forth," by ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (Mrs. WARD), assisted by her husband, Rev. HERBERT D. WARD. We believe that every one will find the opening instalment to be interesting and instructive. We look upon scenes of life in Judea, not through the vista of nearly nineteen hundred years, but as if were spectators of the actual occurrences. A great many people have erroneous ideas, or perhaps no knowledge at all, of Oriental life, and will find this story not only interesting, but helpful in the highest degree because of the light it throws upon the Gospel narrative. Don't allow yourself to miss reading it—and especially see that your children do so.

THE Czar appears to have recovered from his recent illness, caused by an attempt of the nihilists to poison him. The condition of the ruler of all the Russias is certainly not a happy one. His life is the subject of frequent plots, and outside of his own immediate family there is hardly any one whom he can trust. All his immediate attendants, whether military or civil officials, and even his physicians, are under suspicion. It is probable that the result of the discovery of this latest attempt upon the Czar's life will be the sending of another large batch of people to Siberia. But those who go into this terrible exile know that they leave behind others who will take up the work where they left it, and continue in their efforts to free Russia from her hated ruler.

It is said that the Czar believes that a foreign war would check these nihilistic plots and would unite all his people in fighting for national glory. This might be the case, and it looked some time ago as if he would have good ground to commence active hostilities. But that has changed, and at present everything looks like a continuance of peace in Europe. It may be that circumstances may arise which will give the Czar the opportunity he desires, but then he may die at the hands of the nihilists. It would seem like mockery to wish him a happy new year.

THE fisheries trouble with Canada is yet unsettled, and neither party is willing to yield. The American fishermen hold the following position: The same rights for our flag upon fishing vessels in Canadian ports that are commercially extended to all flags in ports other than Canada. Not being granted, exactly the same treatment to be exercised to Canada that she indulges towards us. That is about the gist of it, and it is to be hoped that Secretary BLAINE will be on hand in time.

IT will not do for the Democrats to charge, as some are doing, that the apparent lessening of the average monthly reduction of the public debt is due to Republican extravagance. The people understand perfectly that the expenditures now being made were those appropriated by a Democratic Congress, and the bills authorizing them signed by a Democratic President. Why do the Democratic organs always assume that the people are fools?

EX-SENATOR LAPHAM, of New York, who died a few days ago, is known to the people generally simply as the man who succeeded ROSCOE CONKLING in the Senate. That he was dwarfed by the overshadowing reputation of CONKLING was his misfortune, for he was a man of good education, a fair knowledge of public business, and was a hard-working member of the House for six or eight years before he was chosen to succeed CONKLING.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, a shipyard at Bath, Maine, launched the largest sailing vessel ever built on the American continent, and now the CRAMPS, of Philadelphia, have just received an order for the largest merchant steamship ever constructed on the Delaware. These two interesting facts bear eloquent witness to the way the prospects of American shipping are looking up under a Republican administration.

IF any European country interferes in Brazilian affairs, it will be on the pretext that the interests of its holders of Brazilian bonds are imperiled by the revolution there. Brazil's debt is two or three times larger than that of the United States in proportion to the population; and at least 60 per cent of the bonds are held by European investors.

FOUR alleged Senators from Montana will knock at the Senate doors for admission. The Senate being, under the constitution, the sole judge of the election of its own members, the two Democratic pseudo-Senators will be sent back home with impressive promptitude.

THERE is apprehension of a renewal of trouble in Hayti. LEGITIME has returned from Europe and is at Kingston, Jamaica, from whence, it is supposed, he intends to plot against HYPPOLITE.

WHAT PROHIBITION ACTUALLY DOES.

We note, since the failure of several states to adopt constitutional Prohibition last year, and in view of the efforts of the Rum Power in Kansas and Iowa to secure a resubmission of the question to the people, that the old parrot cry, "Prohibition does not prohibit," is voiced with more frequency and persistence than before. There is a good deal of demagogy in this assertion. The assumption is made by those who utter it, that the law is utterly worthless as a preventive measure, because it does not stop the sale of liquor utterly and entirely, and at once. This test is too severe a one, either for a law prohibiting liquor selling, or gambling, or theft, or burglary, or any other crime. No one claims that the laws against the other acts enumerated are useless because gambling is still carried on, because thefts and burglaries constantly occur. Why not raise the same cry against these laws? Taking the whole of any prohibition state, the law against liquor-selling is as well observed and enforced as are the laws against the other crimes.

There is one fact which shows that Prohibition *hurts*; it is, that the liquor men are ready to spend money in exorbitant sums to defeat it. This disposes of the assertion that Rum may be obtained in the Prohibition states as freely as before the passage of the law. The quantity of Rum Rum consumed is greatly lessened, though the traffic therein is not checked entirely. It is still obtained by stealth. We are perfectly willing to admit that in the cities and larger towns the man who is so eager to obtain Rum that he will go to the necessary trouble and expense, can find it. But nevertheless Prohibition is a good thing, and it is accomplishing a great work in these states.

Admit that Rum can be obtained "on the sly" in prohibition states; who are the men who take the necessary trouble and risk to obtain it? Only a very small percentage of the total population; only those who are drunkards, who have become the slaves of their appetites, and who, under that overmastering thirst will do anything to obtain the means to appease it. But when they go down to drunkard's graves there will be very few left who will want Rum. The process of drunkard-making is stopped; and if Prohibition accomplishes nothing more than this, its usefulness and value is vindicated.

The Rum traffic, as it is now carried on, is a hunt for weak men and thoughtless boys. Under any other system than Prohibition, there are saloons everywhere, whose keepers have but one idea—to make money, and that as fast as possible. To do that they make their Rumshops as enticing as possible, in order that more men may make them their places of resort, and boys be enticed within to be initiated into the habit of liquor-drinking. The keepers of these places well know that if the Rum appetite once becomes fixed on any one, it is a dead sure thing that the earnings of the victim, above what is absolutely necessary to sustain life, will find its way into their tills. The large profits of the business make the saloon-keepers eager to find new material to work upon; and as the saloons multiplied like the plague of lice in Egypt, the material prosperity of the people decreased in like proportion.

Prohibition changed all this. It closed these gateways to perdition, and drove the rum traffic to holes and corners. It stopped the manufacture of drunkards. It took away the ever-open opportunity for indulgence in the American vice of "treating," through which thousands have gone down to physical and financial ruin. Of course, it did not do away with the Rum-thirst in those on whom it was firmly fixed; nor did it check the downward course of those naturally vicious men and boys who will go to perdition by the shortest road, anyhow. They are determined to go by the Rum route, and they will take infinite pains to obtain supplies of liquid poison. Only when the millennium dawns, and the faces of all men are turned toward the good, will this be different.

But, we repeat, Prohibition did this one thing—it stopped the wholesale manufacture of drunkards. It closed up all of the open traps. There is no longer a saloon on every other corner in the towns and cities, into which boys may be easily led to their ruin. The only liquor sold is to men who are practically past redemption, or to foreign-born citizens who brought the drink habit with them from abroad, and who will gratify it at every hazard. The boys who are to form the next generation are growing up without the temptation of the open saloon, and the younger of them will be reared entirely outside the horribly demoralizing influences engendered by Rum. The saloon, whose very atmosphere is impregnated with destruction to the moral and physical man, has been wiped out; and by doing this, Prohibition has accomplished a work that alone should lead to its retention.

These is no danger that any one who has not already formed the drink-habit will take the trouble to sneak down alley-ways and through back gates, go stumbling down dark cellar stairs, or climb to a dirty attic, in order to get a dose of the vilest sort of doctored Rum, which he must swallow in fear and trembling, as a thief does stolen food. Prohibition robs Rum of its glamor, and reduces it from a social, pleasure-inspiring medium to a horrible stimulant, taken because a debased nature and a depraved appetite demand it. There is no multiplication of drunkards possible under such circumstances. Prohibition will crush out the saloon, and consequently it will

Pulverize the Rum Power.

SATISFIED WITH THEM.

The following letters are samples of those we are constantly receiving from those who have raised clubs and obtained the Blade tea set or the Blade cook stove as premiums.

JACKSON, MICH., Jan. 7.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived all right, and in good condition. We like them very much. Respectfully, MR. AND MRS. W. H. VAN HORN.

BEAR LAKE, Jan. 9.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the dishes all right. I think them very nice and that I am well paid for my trouble. Yours, MRS. ANTHONY ANDERSON.

LA GRANDE, ORE., Jan. 3.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came all right to-day, not one piece broken, and I am well pleased with them. Yours, SARAH WELLS.

SCRANTON, PA., Jan. 8.—EDITOR BLADE:—The stove we had in good working order for the holidays. With care it is very pleasant to view, it keeps fire nicely, and bakes just as we wish; in short, it verifies all the good qualities ascribed to its possession in the Toledo BLADE. We are pleased with the Angelus, and we read THE BLADE with much pleasure. Yours truly, MISS STEARNS.

COREA has given up its attempt at independence, and, with the abdication of its king, will hereafter be controlled by China. Those Americans who took service under the Corean government have not received their salaries for some time back and will be the principal sufferers from the changed condition of affairs. The delegation that has caused much curiosity in Washington by their peculiar attire and bird-cage hats will probably be ordered home, and one peculiar feature of society at the national capital will be eliminated.

POPE LEO is said to be furious over the provisions of the new Italian penal code, which has just gone into operation. He says the code attacks the just liberty of the clergy and hinders their work with new obstacles. The especial cause of grievance seems to be that provision of the law which concerns charity trusts. It is, he remarks, a fresh step in the endeavor to efface the last vestige of religion from civil constitutions.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

There will be a strong effort made to adopt the Australian ballot-system in New York this winter. There is no difficulty in passing the bill through the legislature of that state; a majority strongly favors the measure. It is the veto power of the governor which is to be feared. Last year HILL vetoed the Saxton bill, which embraced this reform; and the effort is to be made to draw a bill which will evade the points to which he declared his opposition at that time.

It is certain that a large number of persons still do not understand the Australian system. They look upon it as a complex matter, hard to understand, and perplexing in practice. It is nothing of the sort. There are only a few points vital to the system, and we shall endeavor to explain them as clearly as possible. They are:

1.—That all the candidates for every office to be voted for—state, county and city—shall be printed upon one ticket, each with the name of the party which nominated him; and one or more blanks be left after the names of all the candidates for each office, so that any voter who sees fit can write in the name of any one else he may wish to vote for.

2.—That the State shall furnish all tickets for the election, at every precinct in the commonwealth.

3.—That no tickets be given out except at the polls, and then but one to each voter, unless he shall deface his ticket or wrongly mark it, in which case he can return it and get another in its stead.

4.—That, on receiving his ticket, the voter shall have an opportunity to mark his ticket, designating the candidate for whom he votes by an X—or in any other way which the law may direct.

5.—That there shall no opportunity be allowed for any one to see how he marks his ticket, or how he shall vote; and that no outsider shall communicate with him. After marking his ticket he folds it up and deposits it in the box in the usual way.

These are the simple essentials of the Australian system. There may be previous registration of voters, or there may not; that is not a part of the system. There is no need of disturbing the present law of this or any other state as to that. The number of judges of election, the manner of choosing them, etc., is immaterial; the present custom may be followed. There needs in addition, at every precinct, sworn custodians of the tickets—preferably two men, one from each party. This is the only addition necessary to be made to the present election officers.

The mode of counting the vote, of making returns, etc., need not be changed. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind that the Australian ballot system refers to the manner in which the citizen votes, and to that only. It is intended to secure an absolutely secret ballot, in order to prevent bribery, and render intimidation impossible. That is all there is to it; and it does these things perfectly.

Let us see how it accomplishes these desirable results. First, the requirement to have but one ticket, with all the candidates thereon, and that furnished by the state, prevents mistakes by putting tickets into wrong boxes. To have the state furnish them precludes the use of fraudulent tickets of any kind. It stops bribery, which might be accomplished by giving a marked ticket to the voter, having him vote it instead of the ticket given him at the polls, and the delivering up of the latter to the briber afterward as evidence that he had fulfilled his part of the iniquitous bargain. No one will buy a man's vote when it is impossible to see how he votes, and thus be certain that he delivered the vote paid for.

Objection is made that men who cannot read will be deprived of their votes. This objection is obviated by having sworn men, one of each party, at hand; and where a man declares his inability to read, from blindness or illiteracy, and requests aid, the judges of election may allow the one of the voter's party faith to accompany him and mark his ticket as he may direct.

Objection is also made that it takes too long a time to mark the ticket. Experience has proven that this is ill-founded. No difficulty has been found on this score, other than the novelty of the method would inevitably bring.

Objection is made that the tickets are too large. This is absurd. We have before us one of the tickets used at the Montana election on October 1, 1889. It is 30 inches long and five inches wide. Here is a specimen of its arrangement, with the candidates marked as they would be by a Republican voter:

OFFICIAL BALLOT.
PARK COUNTY, MONTANA.
For the Election October 1, A. D. 1889.

FOR GOVERNOR.	Vote for 1
Power, Thos. C., Republican.	X
Toole, Joseph K., Democrat.	
.....	
FOR MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.	**Vote for 2.**
Eaton, Charles H., Republican.	X
Hatch, Osias M. Democrat.	
Myers, Benjamin F., Democrat.	
Stebbins, Charles H., Republican.	X
.....	
.....	
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.	**Vote for 3.**
Bullard, Wm. H., Democrat.	
Connell, James, Democrat.	
Hoppe, Hugo J., Republican.	X
Lampert, George T., Republican.	X
Wayne, Alva, Democrat.	
Wright, Wm. M., Republican.	X
.....	
.....	
.....	
FOR SHERIFF.	**Vote for 1.**
McCarthy, George W., Democrat.	
Templeton, Oliver P., Republican.	X
.....	

Objection is made that some persons will mark the names of those candidates in whose success they are most interested, and will not take the trouble to mark the others. This is trivial, at any rate; and as the voters become familiar with the system, they will find it easy to run through and mark all the names. Again, it will have a tendency to compel the nomination of good men for minor offices, so that voters will take more interest in the candidates for them.

The Australian system is coming, and will prevail, despite the howls of the men who find opportunities for fraud in the present system, or lack of system. There is not a really valid argument against it; while the fact that it renders bribery and intimidation impossible should recommend it to every man who believes in the rule of the people.

THE Attorney General of the United States has promptly replied to the senate resolutions requesting information as to what instructions the department of Justice has given District Attorney CHAMBERS, at Indianapolis, on the subject of the arrest of Col. DUDLEY, or his exemption from arrest. Mr. MILLER says that none has been sent by the department of Justice to the district attorney at Indianapolis, nor has any been received from him, directly or indirectly, with reference to the subject. Thus another expected sensation by the Democrats ends in smoke.

IF it be true that the Brazilian provisional government has raised the export duty on coffee from 11 to 15 per cent, the price will go up 4 or 5 cents a pound to American consumer. This, in turn, will stimulate coffee-growing in other countries of South America, Central America and the West Indies, and the price, through the increased supply, will fall to the old figures—and the Brazilian coffee-growers will lose heavily.

LOW TARIFFS IN OUR HISTORY.

A correspondent at Newtonia, Mo., asks us to tell him "of the years when we most nearly approached free trade, and the state of affairs then," as contrasted with the conditions under protection. The comparison between free trade and protective policies in this country can be best made by starting with the year 1812. In that year, immediately after the declaration of war against Great Britain, a protective tariff was enacted, largely as a war measure to increase governmental revenues, and which was to remain operative until a treaty of peace was signed between the two countries. It led, of course, to an expansion of our industries; and, despite the waste of war, the country prospered. The war closed, and the tariff act of 1816 was passed by Congress. It was non-protective; the business of the country was prostrated; an era of "hard times" set in, with thousands of unemployed men, and no sale for farm products.

There was no substantial relief until the protective tariff of 1824 was adopted, when seven years of prosperity followed it. Protection would have become the settled policy of the government had not the sectionalism of slavery interfered. The North was getting rich, increasing in population and hence in political power, and the pro-slavery leaders dared not allow this. The nullification troubles came on, and the political crisis was settled by the notorious "compromise tariff" of 1833.

This tariff established an ad valorem duty of 20 per cent on *all* imports as the rate to be reached, with the provision that the duties on all articles, as fixed by the tariff of 1824, were to be reduced 10 per cent each year until the 20 per cent ad valorem rate was reached. An era of wild speculation in Western lands set in, during 1834-35-36; by that time duties had been reduced 30 per cent (10 per cent each year), and the evil effects of the approach of free trade precipitated the financial panic of 1837. The evil lasted till 1840, when the protective party triumphed in the election of Gen. HARRISON to the Presidency.

Congress passed a protective tariff act in 1842, and the same results followed as had that of 1824. A new era of prosperity set in; but the slave power, which saw in free trade the only chance of its retention of political supremacy, through its domination of the Democratic party, overthrew the beneficent protective law, and in 1846 another free trade tariff was enacted in its place.

The same results as had followed the free trade tariffs of 1816 and 1826, would have occurred immediately had not certain other factors postponed the inevitable. The war with Mexico began almost immediately upon its passage, and the government's outlay was doubled for the three years following—the money reaching all localities, and stimulating business largely. Then came the discovery of gold in California, and this continued the good effect by pouring its golden stream among the people. Before this had slackened, the great "Crimean war"—between Russia on the one side, and England, France and Turkey on the other—broke out. Exports from England and France were checked; Russia's wheat was prevented from being exported. An enormous demand was made on us for breadstuffs; wheat sold at $2 per bushel in Ohio, as the writer clearly recollects. Thus from 1846 to 1856 the evil of the low tariff was neutralized by a succession of accidents.

But when peace was proclaimed, the real test came; and again the experiences of the low tariffs of 1816 and of 1826 were repeated. The crash of 1857 came, and the pinch of hard times followed until the rebellion broke out, and the protective tariff of 1861 was enacted.

Here is the tariff history of the fifty years from 1812 to 1861 synopsized. Three times within that period were low tariffs—tariffs "for revenue only"—followed by industrial stagnation, low wages, distress among the laboring classes, dull markets for agricultural products, business failures and national impoverishment. Three times did a protective tariff bring industrial activity, work in plenty, good prices and prosperity to the nation.

It would seem that the dear lesson of experience should be learned by the people by this time. But though slavery is gone, the false economic lessons it taught still abide with the party that was once its defender and tool, and it still urges free trade as a national policy. Whether the people will be wise enough to see the fallacy of its arguments, remains to be seen; but the prophecy is one that can be made with absolute surety of its fulfillment that, if free trade shall triumph, the disaster, financial ruin and universal distress which will follow will compel a return within five years to the sound policy of protection as the guarantee of returning prosperity.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

THE Charleston *News and Courier* denounces the comment of the northern press upon the recent brutalities committed by the whites in that state upon the negroes and says the South is not given to "sporadic outbursts of lawlessness." This is true. The lawlessness of the South in the treatment of the negro is not sporadic but chronic and epidemic. It is only when the crimes are of an unusually brutal character that they find their way into print, and then they receive the just condemnation of the northern newspapers without distinction of party affiliations. But think of the monumental gall of the *News and Courier* when it forbids the country to "censure" such crimes!

THE Democratic free traders complain that a majority of those who have appeared before the Ways and Means committee at Washington are favorable to protection. Of course they are. The majority of the people of the United States are in favor of protection, and this was plainly proved on the last presidential election. But those who want lower duties are as welcome to appear before the Ways and Means committee as those who insist upon protection. The invitation extended by the committee is not limited to any class, but includes all whose interests are in any way affected by the tariff.

THE Buffalo *Commercial* says it remembers very distinctly that "the winter of 1837-38 was the counterpart of the present one—mild, open and rainy. Since then there have been several winters nearly as open as this." And it adds with a touch of the wisdom we are taught to associate with old age:

"It should not be forgotten, moreover, in comparing winters, that the present season is but just begun. We may have three months of the severest winter weather ahead of us yet."

"SENATOR" BRICE.

The machine at Columbus worked smoothly. The preliminary preparations had been too carefully made for any slip to occur; and the Democratic legislative caucus decorously nominated CALVIN S. BRICE as the man to receive election as United States Senator from Ohio, to succeed HENRY B. PAYNE. The election by the General Assembly next Tuesday is a mere form. The caucus settled that BRICE is to receive undivided Democratic support.

Compared with the "election" of PAYNE six years ago, the Brice campaign has been managed with consummate tact. BRICE took the direction of affairs into his own hands, and the generalship was superb. Six years ago, men who were known to be favorable to other candidates, or who were actually pledged in honor to them were bought. BRICE would have none of this. He was in the field early, and there was no such open scandals as those upon every tongue six years ago. The Democratic county press was silenced by judicious patronage; and there was no open rebellion anywhere in the Democratic camp save from ALLEN O. MYERS, in whose case the arrangements seem to have miscarried.

The choice of BRICE is a disgrace to the state of Ohio. It marks the growing power of mere money in politics; for there is nothing in BRICE'S career to indicate any especial fitness for the duties of Senator. He is without previous legislative training of any kind. His only claim on the Democratic party of Ohio is the amount of money he put into the national campaign of 1888, when he was chairman of the Democratic committee, and his contributions to the Ohio campaign fund last year. He possesses considerable political cunning of the kind useful in the management of a campaign; but we submit that an United States Senator requires other qualifications if he is to have the respect and confidence of the people of the state he represents.

In the Senate BRICE will be the friend of the railway corporations as against the people; he will be the ally of corporate monopoly in all its forms. Without his money, no one, even among the Democrats, would ever have thought of him in connection with Senatorial honors; and he obtained that money, not as the result of honest effort, but through the Nickel Plate railway deal of odorous memory. On this point, the New York *World*, Democratic, says:

"Backers of Mr. Calvin S. Brice in the Ohio Senatorial contest are fond of declaring that their champion is a wonder because he 'got the best' of the late William H. Vanderbilt. The Ohio idea seems to be that a financial juggler who could cheat such a railway magnate as Vanderbilt ought to make an able United States senator. The logic is not apparent, but when a man with a big check-book is around buying a senatorial seat the arguments in his behalf need not be forceful."

HON. WM. D. KELLEY.

The death of Hon. WM. D. KELLEY, the "Father of the House," occurred at Washington on the evening of January 9. This sad event was not unexpected, as he was known to be suffering from a mortal malady. In point of fact, for years his health has been precarious, and only his resolute will power kept him from yielding and falling into a state of chronic invalidism.

He has been for thirty years the leading exponent of the doctrine of protection in the House of Representatives. In early life he was tinctured with free trade ideas; but his practical mind soon grasped the great truth that the conditions of industry and trade differ, and that what may be sound policy under the conditions prevailing in Great Britain is by no means the wisest and best policy for ourselves and other nations; and being convinced of the necessity of protection as a prime factor in our national prosperity, he became its strongest and most conspicuous advocate of his day.

The name of Mr. KELLEY will long live in the industrial history of America and of the world. His life-work has been a magnificent one. A practical man, his clear judgment never wavered in its adhesion to the American system of protection; the specious arguments of the free trade propagandists went down invariably before the solid logic, the crushing power of the facts he marshalled in defence of protection. He was emphatically a student of markets rather than maxims, and his wisdom, as an exponent of an economic system, will last as long as the wealth and prosperity of the nation remain as its living proof.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No. 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

ANDREW JACKSON is claimed as the patron saint of Democracy, and the anniversary of his victory at New Orleans is annually made a Democratic festival; yet if "Old Hickory" were alive to-day, he would not be in accord with that party on the tariff. On one occasion, referring to the theory that Congress has not the power under the constitution to protect our industries through tariff legislation, JACKSON said:

"Our political system would present the anomaly of a people stripped of the right to foster their own industry and to counteract the most selfish and destructive policy which might be adopted by foreign nations. In this conclusion I am confirmed as well by the opinions of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, who have each repeatedly recommended the exercise of this right under the Constitution, as by the uniform practice of Congress, the continued acquiescence of the states, and the general understanding of the people."

THE point in the testimony of Mr. MACBETH, the free trade Pittsburg lamp-manufacturer, which the free traders steadily ignore, is his own admission that an entire removal of the tariff from all the materials he uses would reduce the wholesale price of chimneys only three cents a dozen; that the manufacturer and middleman would get whatever benefit there might be from free raw materials, and the consumer would pay the same price as before. The same thing would be true of a vast number of products under free trade.

GEN. IMBODEN, the Virginia Democrat who declared before the Ways and Means committee that on the simple issue of protection vs. free trade four or five Southern states would go overwhelmingly for protection, is being abused furiously by the Southern free trade papers. He will doubtless be characterized as a "traitor to the lost cause," for the constitution of the alleged Confederate states prohibited protective duties, and was as free trade as even England could desire.

"COMPLETED" PENSION CASES.

Pension Commissioner RAUM has taken a step which one wonders was not taken long ago, in organizing a "completed claims" division in the Pension office. As every one knows, there are certain things required to be shown by proper proof, in every application for a pension. The "completed claims" division is to be devoted entirely to those claims in which all the requirements of the law have been complied with, and which are therefore ready for final adjudication. Commissioner RAUM has issued the following order in the matter:

"Claimants are hereby authorized to apply to the Commissioner of Pensions to have their claims placed upon the list of 'completed files' for immediate consideration. Such applications may be made by the claimants or their attorney of record, and shall set forth that the declaration in the case states (1) the proper service of the claimant and his discharge from the service; (2) the incurrence of the wound or disability in the service and in the line of duty; (3) that the proof in the case connects the present disability for which a pension is claimed with wounds or diseases incurred in the service; (4) that the claimant has, with the authority of the pension office, had a regular medical examination in respect to the disability described and claimed for in the declaration; (5) that in the opinion of the claimant the claim is fully made out and complete.

In the claims of widows it must be alleged that proof has been made showing that the soldier died of an injury or disease contracted in the service, and that the claimant is the soldier's widow. In the case of dependent mothers or father's claims it must be stated that the proper proof of dependence has been filed in the claim, and that the soldier left no widow or minor child. If the application is made by the attorney of record, in addition to the other statements required he shall certify upon honor that, after careful consideration of the case, he is of the opinion that the case is complete. Claims placed upon the list of 'completed files' under this order will be considered in the order of the date they are so placed. This order does not apply to rejected cases."

NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION.

The report comes from Washington that the House committee on Banking and Currency have been in consultation with Secretary of the Treasury WINDOM on the matter of a new basis for national bank circulation. That committee is said to look with favor upon the proposition to issue a 2 per cent 50-year bond to be used exclusively to secure the circulation of national banks. The committee would better drop all schemes which look to a perpetuation of the national debt. The people desire it paid, and they are not so deeply in love with the national bank system that they are willing to have the nation shouldered with an irreducible debt in order that it may be perpetuated.

We freely admit that the national banking system is the best the country ever had; that the securing of circulation by a deposit of United States bonds makes the notes absolutely good; and that it is a somewhat difficult problem to find a security which will be, all things considered, as satisfactory. But it is asking too much to have the bonded debt perpetuated for that single purpose. We are not sure but that Hon. JOHN JAY KNOX'S proposition, to allow national banks to deposit silver bullion at its market price, with the treasury as security for circulation, is as good an idea as has yet been advanced.

THERE is a singular fight going on in Wisconsin over the Bennett school law, which requires, practically, that reading, writing, grammer, Arithmetic and American history shall be taught in the English language. This has raised the fierce antagonism of many citizens of foreign birth, who declare that these branches can as well be taught in German, Norwegian, Danish, Bohemian or Polish, as English. That is all true, but the law contemplates more than the teaching of the branches named; it recognizes that English is the language of this country, and that there is no more powerful educational influence to harmonize the foreign elements of the population than a common language. The amazing fact is brought out by the discussion that there are many localities wherein from 75 to 90 per cent of the children, born in this country, too, are unable to understand English intelligently, much less to speak it with any degree of facility and correctness. The law is a good one, and should stand. When aliens come here to share the freedom we enjoy, they should become Americanized in language. Let them teach the children their own language, if they wish; but the point should be insisted upon that the young shall learn the language of this country, and receive their education in it.

DR. DOLLINGER, who has just gone to his grave at the age of 91, was excommunicated by the Roman Catholic church some twenty years ago because of his denial of the dogma of papal infallibility, which had just been propounded by the œcumenical council. A pure, thoughtful man, he labored to better the Catholic church, and to release her from Jesuit domination. In this he failed, and as he would not retract his repudiation of the new and absurd doctrine that the pope is infallible, he was excommunicated. The "old Catholic" movement, which Dr. DOLLINGER took up, soon became political—which could not be helped, as the doctrine of papal infallibility was propounded simply to give the church a stronger hold on the masses, by making the pope the judge as to how far the subject or citizen shall give allegiance to the government under which he lives. Dr. DOLLINGER has always had the sympathy of the best element inside the Catholic church, but which was not brave enough to defy the sheet-iron thunders of the Vatican and array itself beside DOLLINGER in his opposition to the absurd doctrine of papal infallibility.

THE New York *Tribune* has published several letters from Brazil which make it clear, as to our South American trade, that our manufacturers do not understand that they must make goods to suit the ideas and tastes of the people of that continent—which they do not—if they expect to increase their sales largely; that the people there do not readily adopt new ideas or fashions; that the banking interests of the South American republics have few business connections with those of the United States; and, lastly, the lack of direct and frequent steamer and mail service between them and the United States is a very serious obstacle to the rapid extension of our trade.

YOUR average free trader is utterly unmindful of consistency. The Philadelphia *Record*, free trade Democratic, in the course of a fierce denunciation of the protective tariff, brings out the interesting fact that if agricultural implements are included, we exported last year nearly $26,000,000 worth of manufactures of iron and steel to foreign countries. And yet the *Record*, like other Democratic papers, is accustomed to maintain with much heat that it is useless for our manufacturers to try to compete in the world's markets with those of Belgium, Germany and England.

THE fact becomes more and more apparent that if the judges are fearless in executing the law there is nothing to fear from trusts. A sugar refinery in San Francisco joined the trust, and suit was promptly brought to annul the charter. The court held that when the company joined the trust it abandoned all the purposes for which it obtained its charter, and that therefore the latter is forfeited. An honest judge and a sound judgment. Now, will some of the fellows who are mouthing against trusts have the nerve to enter suits against the companies composing the trusts which are distasteful to them?

TEN DOLLARS FOR CLUBS!

THE BLADE is now offering the highest cash payments for clubs of any of the newspapers of the country. Those who wish to raise clubs and receive a cash premium will please write to us for confidential terms to agents.

Those who desire to earn one or more of the other premiums on our list, should read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

As an aid in raising clubs, write to us for all the specimen copies you may need. We will gladly furnish them free.

SOME TARIFF QUERIES.

In replying to some queries on the subject of the tariff which have been propounded by our subscribers, we wish to say that we have not the space to discuss each as fully as we could wish; but we give a succinct answer, as the work THE BLADE has done in this field since 1884 has covered elaborate discussions of every point presented for consideration.

The first letter we take up is from B. H., East Unity, N. H. He asks:

Since it is a fact that neither protection or free trade can make the price of farm produce high because the supply of farm products exceeds the demand in the markets of the world, does it not follow, if the farmer is to have an equal chance with other industries, he should be permitted to buy his salt, iron, steel, glass, tin, earthenware—in fact everything that he and his family consume—free from any tariff whatever?

That is an entirely superficial view. The diversification of our occupations created by the tariff, the building up of a vast class of industrial workers, enormously enlarges the home consumption of farm products. To ruin our industries in order to save a small fraction on the cost of a few articles we use would be about as sensible as the action of the man who killed the goose that laid golden eggs. If our industrial prosperity is injured, the farmers will lose more than they will gain. Nor must our friend suppose that the tariff would in any case be all taken off. Its protective feature might be eliminated; yet we must have money to carry on the government. There are but two ways to raise it—by a tariff, or by a direct tax. When we had a tariff for revenue only, *every article* he mentions was dearer than it now is; they have been cheapened by the competition of industries called into being by the tariff. A direct tax, of course, would chiefly fall upon real estate, as the farmer would groan under the added burden.

If protection makes wages high, how is the farmer benefited thereby?

By the increased ability of the people to buy the things he produces.

You say the farmer is protected against his foreign competitor as much as the manufacturer; please give us the proof.

What was meant by that was, that there is as high a duty on farm products as on manufactured goods. In the Question Bureau of THE BLADE of January 9, you will find a list of duties on leading farm products. Should our home consumption increase up to the entire agricultural production of the country, the tariff would act exactly as it does on manufactured goods.

You say a large part of our imports are on the free list; then I want to know where the tariff revenue of $219,091,174 comes from?

The total value of imports on the free list for the fiscal year 1889 was $258,487,078, which paid not one cent of duty. The total imports of dutiable articles were $745,131,652.

G. B. R., Newtonia, Mo., writes:

One of my neighbors is an Englishman, and he tells me that American manufactures send American-made goods to England and sell them at English prices. If that is the case, why can't they sell here at home at the same low price?

The statement is false. It was made during the campaign of 1888, and its falsity proved. Nor are English prices so much different from ours. Food is dearer there; cotton goods are about the same price as here, and the same is true of manufactured articles of iron and steel. Protection has proved a boon to consumers, in that the price of every protected article, the manufacture of which has come near supplying the popular demand, is cheaper to-day than when the tariff was first levied. But in the face of these irrefutable facts, backed by the price-lists of every trade, and against the judgment and experience of the country's wisest and most patriotic statesmen, the free-trade advocates of to-day assert and repeat the falsehood that the amount of duty is added to the price, not alone of what is imported, but of all corresponding domestic products.

English and American makers have quoted the same prices for steel rails within the past month, with the tariff standing at $17 per ton, while through a long list of fabrics generally worn by the people, the same relative facts exist. Certain lines of cotton goods are now exported, and American calicoes find a sale in English centers of cotton manufacture. This could not be if it were true that the amount of duty is added to the price of the home made article. In no other country in the world can the workingman get a better suit of clothes for a week's labor than right here in the United States, where the free trade preacher tells him he pays so much more than would be

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XI.

THE OLD VIRGINIA LOWLANDS.

It was down in old Virginia,
Not many months ago,
McClellan made a movement;
He made it very slow.
But the rebels they soon found us out,
And pitched into our rear,
But they caught the very devil,
For they found the Yankees there,
In the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
In the old Virginia lowlands, low.

The rebels, they still followed us,
Their number two to one;
But little Mack, he let them know
The Yankees would not run.
For every place they showed themselves
He dearly made them pay.
And when the shades of night appeared
He coolly marched away
From the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
From the old Virginia lowlands, low.

And again at Savage Station,
We came up with the foe,
Where General Sumner whipped them;
The list of killed will show.
Then old fighting Joey Hooker,
He came up with his team,
And met them on the third day
And whooped them again,
In the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
In the old Virginia lowlands, low.

When we came to James river
The boys began to cheer,
When they saw the little Monitor
Up the river she did steer.
The rebel General Lee got scared
And to his men did say,
There comes the Yankee earthquake;
We had better get away
From the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
From the old Virginia lowlands, low.

Mack thought that he would stop the fun
And bring it to an end,
And the only way to do it was
To call on Couches' men to send.
When we heard Mack had sent for us
Our hearts with joy did fill,
And we were quickly ready
On the top of Malvern hill,
In the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
In the old Virginia lowlands, low.

The rebels they commenced the fight
By throwing shot and shell;
That was a game they soon found out
That we could them excel.
We fought them from the early dawn
Until the setting sun,
And amongst the killed and wounded
They had three to one;
In the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
In the old Virginia lowlands low.

Now, I think that I will finish,
And bring this to an end,
While three cheers for little Mack,
He is every soldier's friend.
I would have all agitators and politicians to understand
That if one can save the Union,
'Tis little Mack's the man.
In the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
In the old Virginia lowlands low.

THE OLD UNION WAGON.

"The Old Union Wagon," written and composed by Rev. John H. Lozier, of the 37th Indiana Volunteers, is an admirable specimen of a popular patriotic army melody. It was sung by the headquarters of Gen. Negley's division, at Camp Hamilton, on the "Overton Plantation," five miles from Nashville, Tenn. It was originally intended merely as a camp song in answer to "The Southern Wagon," which the "Secesh" damsels were always ready to sing for the "Yankees." It was afterwards published by John Church, jr., of Cincinnati, as sheet music, and was sung with great eclat at Pike's Opera House, at the immense Union meeting held there to respond to the resolutions sent by the Army of the Cumberland to the people of the North:

In Uncle Sam's dominion, in eighteen sixty-one,
The fight between Secession and Union was begun;
The South declared they'd have the rights
which Union Sam denied,
Or in the secesh wagon they'd all take a ride,
Hurrah for the wagon, the old Union wagon!
We'll stick to our wagon and all take a ride!

The makers of our wagon were men of solid wit;
They made it out of "Charter Oak," that would not rot or split;
Its wheels are of material the strongest and best,
And two are named the North and South and two the East and West.

Our wagon-bed is strong enough for any "revolution,"
In fact, 'tis the "hull" of the "Old Constitution."
Her coupling's strong, her axle's long, and, anywhere you get her,
No monarch's crown can "back her down," no traitor can upset her.

This good old Union wagon the nation all admired;
Her wheels had run for fourscore years and never once been "tired;"
Her passengers were happy, as long her way she whirl'd,
For the old Union wagon was the glory of the world.

But when old Abram took command, the South wheel got displeased,
Because the public fat was gone that kept her axle greased,
And when he gathered up the reins and started on his route,
She plunged into secession and knocked some "fellices" out.

Now, while in this secession mire the wheel was sticking tightly;
Some fory passenger got mad and cursed the driver slightly;
But Abram "couldn't see it," so he didn't heed their clatter;
"There's too much black mud on the wheel," says he, "that's what's the matter."

So Abram gave them notice that in eighteen sixty-three,
Unless the rebels "dried it up" he'd set their niggers free,
And the man that led the van to fight against his nation
Would drop his gun, and home he'd run, to fight against starvation.

When Abram said he'd free the slaves that furnished their supplies,
It opened Northern traitors' mouths and Southern traitors' eyes.
"The devil," said they, "will run away, if you thus rashly free them!"
But Abram "guessed perhaps they's best go home and oversee them!"

Around our Union wagon, with shoulders to the wheel,
A million soldiers rally, with hearts as true as steel;
And of all the generals, high or low, that help to save the nation,
There's none that strikes a harder blow than General Emancipation!
Hurrah for the wagon, the old Union wagon!
We'll stick to our wagon and all take a ride!

MIDNIGHT MUSICIANS.

A cat show ought to be held in a mewseum.—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It is quite proper that infantry should be equipped with small arms.—[Burlington Free Press.

When a man walks you can often tell him by his carriage; but you can tell a baby by its carriage before it walks.—Yonkers Statesman.

Death is frequent all around us, and yet it does not seem to strike that midnight cat on your next door neighbor's fence.—Somerville Journal.

Holland's Youthful Princess.

The heiress to the throne of the Netherlands, the Princess Wilhelmina, is a few months past her ninth birthday. As the only Queen Reg ent of the future, she is a very interesting personage, the most important young lady that now figures in European politics. Young as she is, the question of her marriage has already been mooted and widely discussed, and it is probable that very few more years will pass over her childish head before she will be solemnly betrothed to some one or other of the many pretendants to her hand. She is at present a pretty, fair-haired little girl, very closely and carefully guarded by her watchful mother, Queen Emma, who superintends herself the course of education which is destined to make the future Queen of Holland one of the most accomplished princesses of Europe.—[Paris letter to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Why Blind Men Seldom Smoke.

A peculiarity about the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say that it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke, and some say that they cannot taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the theory that if you blindfold a man in a room full of smoke and put a lighted and unlighted cigar in his mouth alternately, he will not be able to tell the difference.

Two Billions of Hoarded Gold.

An authority estimates that India has received and retained since 1834 $2,210,000,000 of gold and silver. The gold received by her has been practically withdrawn from circulation and hoarded or converted into ornaments.

JINGLING FANS.

The Origin of Fans—The Latest New York Styles.

THE GIRL AND HER FAN.

POWERFUL Chinese Mandarin had a daughter named Rau Si who was so overpowered by the heat while assisting at the Feast of Lanterns, that she was obliged to take off her mask. Afraid to disobey the laws which forbid a woman to expose her face to the gaze of the populace, she fluttered her mask to and fro in front of her countenance, raising a cooling breeze and cheating the too curious eye. Her example was followed immediately by more than one hundred court ladies, and this was the birth of the fan, the laudable purpose of whose existence—to promote modesty—is defeated this winter, however, by an innovation which never could have received the approval of the beautiful and charming Rau Si. The newest fan and the fan which is most fashionable expresses the "angry flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter and the merry flutter," by the maddening tinkle of what you take to be a million tiny bells, until a pause in the music or a sip of water on the part of the lecturer gives you a chance to discover—there being for the instant nothing to listen to, and, consequently, no motive on the part of the pretty woman in red who sits in front to distract your hearing—that the constant ting-a-ling ling comes from hundreds of short strings of jet and ruby beads which fringe her black gauze fan.

Most assuredly Rau Si would never have obtruded all the varying sentiments that possess the mind and heart of a Chinese maiden so rudely on her neighbors, and one is moved to inquire if Leonore d'Esse declared in love by kissing her fan and throwing it to Taseo, would he have been able to reciprocate with a proper display of passion and poetry if the jingling nuisance had jangled in his ears every time he had escorted Leonore to a concert, throwing all the strings of his soul out of tune and harsh. The bete noir of the winter is the too vocal fan.

THE DOMESTIC ARTICLE.

If this isn't influenza
Then what the mischief is it?
It seems that I grow denser
After every doctor's visit.
He says its imagination
And that I can't have caught it,
But it's over all creation
And everbody's got it.
—[Buffalo Courier.

BEFO' DE WAH.

How a Bright Young Slave Escaped Being Sold to a Dealer.

A little while ago a colored man from an adjoining county came over into this county, his former home, and met many old friends. To one he related a remarkable episode of the days "befo' de wah."

He said that he was as tough a mulatto as the county ever produced, and his young master resolved to "send him down the river," as the slave owners used to express it. One day the young master told him to have the horses ready, and they would depart early the next morning for Knoxville. The young master had received information that a certain slave buyer from the cotton fields would visit the city mentioned in quest of "likely negro men."

The early dawn found the young farmer and his valuable human property speeding away over the smooth road South. After they had gone a little way, "Rich," for that was the cognomen by which the "likely boy" was known, inquired of his master if he was going to Knoxville to put into execution a threat he had often heard him make—to sell him to a cotton planter. The master told him it was his mission. Rich became much affected by the announcement and shed tears. He recalled the hours of their boyhood, and dwelt upon the pathetic in general. The young master's heart was touched, but his resolve was not.

Night came on, as it always did when travelers by the "Old Wilderness Road" got well into the mountains. A jug of fine old Bourbon steadied their nerves and brought balmy sleep to the restoration of their strained energies.

Next morning they were up with the lark, and all day they talked about the endless separation soon to follow, pausing occasionally to admire the rugged scenery and take a drink. The rabbit hunts by day, the coon hunts by night, the romps, the fights they had, the floggings they had caught from "the old man" were all lived over again.

Another night and another day and their journey had ended. But the raid on the big jug had not. They "hit it purty lively" that "last night on earth together for ever and ever more." They were comfortably full long before midnight. At least the young master was full of old liquor and the slave was full of pretence. He had dropped upon a scheme.

With dawn, Rich was up moving about the city. A shave, clean clothes, a cigar, a cane, and many extras were added. Finally he sought the slave buyer, and introducing himself as Mr. —— of Madison county, Kentucky, stated that he was in the city with the "splendid young nigger" of which he had written him, and was now ready for a trade. The boy was described in glowing terms, and the price fixed at $1,500, which the trader said he would give, provided the description was accurate. So they proceeded to the tavern and into a little back room, where the young master was found snoring away on a pallet beside the bed where Rich had taken the precaution to tumble him before going out. His beard of several days' growth, dusty and soiled attire, unkempt hair, and general appearance was anything but attractive.

"Fifteen hundred!" gruffly remarked the old dealer as he glanced at the pitiful-looking object. "Fifteen hundred dollars for that d—d thing! I wouldn't give you a cent more than half that much," and he walked out on the street. It is useless to say they didn't get their prices near enough for a trade.

About noon the young master awoke, not feeling the best in the world. He was compelled to borrow a shoe horn to put on his hat, and there was a mighty bad taste in his mouth, to say nothing of considerable red in his eye and a feeling of a sort of goneness in general about his stomach. Rich told him that he had been out to see the buyer, and the old fellow wanted to know the price, as all depended on that—the least he'd take was the question, and to be in a hurry, as he, the buyer, had made about all the purchases he wanted, and was ready to leave town. The young master called for paper and envelope, and wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir: You have seen the boy. My lowest price is $1,200. He is worth every cent of it." The note was duly conveyed, and was soon returned with an answer on the back, saying, "We can't trade."

The following day the well-rested horses, the happy mulatto, and a disappointed white man "might have been seen wending their solitary way through the woods" toward Kentucky.—[Richmond Climax.

Quite United.

"I thought you were going to marry Miss Goldthwaite, Charley. Haven't you had some aspirations in that line?"

"I had, but it was no go. Her family were all opposed to it."

"Well, but if the girl herself—"

"I said all the family. She was one of 'em."—[Puck.

A DOG STORY.

A Reminiscence of Old Days When Crinoline Ruled.

It happened in the old crinoline days. My aunt, who was then living in a country town, had gone out shopping one morning and was standing in the High street, talking to a lady friend, a Mrs. Gumworthy, the doctor's wife. She, my aunt, had on a new crinoline that morning, in which, to use her own expression, she rather fancied herself. It was a tremendously big one, as stiff as a wire fence. It set beautifully. They were standing in front of Jenkins, the draper's, and my aunt thinks that it (the crinoline) must have got caught up in something, and an opening thus left between it and the ground. However this may be, certain it is that an absurdly large and powerful bulldog, who was fooling round about there at the time, managed, somehow or other, to squirm in under my aunt's crinoline and effectually imprison himself beneath it. Finding himself suddenly in a dark and gloomy chamber the dog, naturally enough, got frightened and made frantic rushes to get out. But whichever way he charged there was the crinoline in front of him. As he flew he, of course, carried it before him, and with the crinoline, of course, went my aunt. But nobody knew the explanation. My aunt herself did not know what had happened. Nobody had seen the dog creep inside the crinoline. All the people did see was a staid and eminently respectable middle-aged lady, suddenly, and without any apparent reason, throw her umbrella down in the road, fly up the High street at the rate of ten miles an hour, rush across it at the imminent risk of her life, dart down it again on the other side, rush sideways, like an excited crab, into a grocer's shop, run three times around the shop, upsetting the whole stock in trade, come out of the shop backward and knocking down a postman, dash into the roadway and spin round twice, hover for a moment, undecided, on the curb, and then away up the hill again, as if she had only just started, all the while screaming out at the top of her voice for somebody to stop her. Of course, everybody thought that she was mad. The people flew before her like chaff before the wind. In less than ten seconds the High street was a desert. The townsfolk scampered into their shops and houses and barricaded the doors. Brave men dashed out and caught up little children, and bore them to places of safety, amid cheers. Carts and carriages were abandoned, while the drivers climbed up lamp posts. What would have happened had the show gone on much longer—whether my aunt would have been shot, or the fire engine brought into requisition against her, it is impossible, having regard to the terrified state of the crowd, to say. Fortunately for her, she became exhausted. With one despairing shriek she gave way, and sat down on the dog, and peace reigned once more in that sweet rural town.—[Tinsley's Magazine.

WHAT QUEENS EAT.

Victoria Fond of Porridge—Sweden's Queen Likes Smoked Salmon.

A Frenchman has been collecting data recently in regard to the dishes which the femine rulers of European countries prefer upon their tables. According to his statements, Queen Victoria is especially fond of Scotch cuisine. Her meal is invariably begun with a plate of oatmeal porridge, so dear to the palate of the Highlander. One of her favorite dishes is smoked ham. She drinks beer with great gusto, and eats bread baked especially hard and firm.

The Queen of Sweden eats substantial food, consisting chiefly of beefsteake, which is an invarible part of each meal's bill of fare. She is also fond of smoked salmon, preserved according to the method of her country; of meatballs dressed with beans, and of eggs fried in milk and oil.

The court of Germany, strange to say, despite the German names of the dishes, is addicted to the French cuisine.

The Empress Frederick, however, prefers the English cookery, and is especially fond of pastry.

The royal family of Italy, although in many ways the simplest and most democratic in Europe, always dine from dishes of gold. They only drink the wine of their own country, and show great preference for the "fritto," a dish composed of the hearts of artichokes and the combs and livers of chickens.

Ex-Queen Isabella loves the "cocido" of Castile, with all its accessories. She also eats daily a portion of rice.

The Queen-Regent of Spain prefers the Austrian cusine. She eats roasts of all kinds, with jellies, gooseberry jelly being one of her principal favorites.

During the earlier days of her life in Spain she ate only one kind of bread, which was sent to her from Vienna. Of late years, however, probably in keeping with her patriotic endeavors, she eats the bread of the country.

WHY WE ARE RIGHT-HANDED.

Because Originally the Left Was Used to Protect the Heart.

Primitive man, being by nature a fighting animal, fought for the most part at first with his canine teeth, his nails and his fists, till in process of time he added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillelah.

And if you fight you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or if you do not, natural selections manages it for you by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, hand-to-hand combatant, the most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill, or, at any rate, stun, even a strong man. Hence from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with, and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offense and defense supercede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart for defense the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning, says the *Journal of Health*. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull and paved the way at last for the supremacy elsewhere.

A CURE FOR HICCOUGHS.

Some of the Effects of the Pungent Odor of Musk.

Most people take it for granted that because musk is sold in what is called a pod, therefore it is a vegetable product. But the truth is that it is entirely an animal product, being a substance found in a two or three inch sac in the body of the little musk deer of Asia. The sac, when tied up and dried, goes by the name of a pod among the hunters who bring it into market.

Probably there are few things subject to such adulteration, as one part of pure musk will scent thousands of parts of some other powder mingled with it; and as the pods sell for from $15 to $20 a piece, the adulteration has its profits.

It is, indeed, so pungent that when just fresh it has been known to produce violent bleeding at the nose, and people are so susceptible to it as to have sad headaches brought about by contact with the pure article; and while a suspicion of it is very agreeable to many persons, one atom becomes offensive, as the case is with with patchouli, and many other odorous substances.

It was formerly largely used in therapeutics, especially in the Orient, having become disused as much from the difficulty of obtaining it in a pure state as from anything else, and is now seldom given, except in hysteria and hiccough.

Heads, I Win.

To kiss or not to kiss?
Be happy or be proper?
I'll play in such a case as this;
Correctness—with a copper!
—[Puck.

Where Every Woman Smokes.

Everybody smokes in Japan. The pipes hold a little wad of fine-cut tocacco as big as a pea. It is fired, and the smoker takes one long whiff, blowing the smoke in a cloud from his mouth and nose. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes half a whiff, hands it to him and lets him finish out the whiff.—[Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Presbyterian Vote on Revision.

Thus far 45 of the 211 presbyteries of the Presbyterian church have been reported as voting on the overture on revision of the Westminster Standards. Twelve presbyteries have voted no, and 33 have voted yes. These presbyteries represent a total of 1,697 ministers and 251,236 communicants.—[Independent.

A LITTLE TRESS.

(Old) Verses, written for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* by the venerable Archdeacon Farrar, who is as widely known here as in England for his learning and piety, describes an incident that occured at the bust of Longfellow in Westminster abbey.]

Where sunbeams from each painted pane
Poured through the aisles their glorious flood,
Within the royal Minster-fane
The strangers gazing stood.
From that fair region of the West
Of England's kin beyond the sea—
At home where our great fathers rest;
At home among the free.

But lingering near each eastern tomb
Of King and Queen and warrior brave,
Amid the glory and the gloom,
With memories glad and grave,
They found (least turn their first fond gaze
On statued forms and laurelled urn,
Of those who sang their deathless lays
In words that breathe and burn,

And 'mid those places of the dead,
Where lie the noblest sons of fame,
They saw a well-loved face, they read
A dear familiar name—
The name of him, the bard beloved
Of life and home, of hopes and fears,
Whose sweet pathetic songs have moved
A thousand hearts to tears.

"His bust," young Ellen cried, "is white;
White was his life as Alpine snows;
And here I lay with finger light,
My gift—this crimson rose."
They turned, but where is Mabel? See,
On tip-toe by the bust she stands,
And there she places, lovingly,
Her gift, with trembling hands.

And what was Mabel's gift? A tress,
A tiny tress of golden hair
Shorn from the sunny loveliness
Which wreathed her forehead fair!
She blushed, this little Western girl,
Her childish eyes with tears were dim;
"I had," she cried, "but one poor curl,
And not a rose for him."

Yes! there, 'mid banner, urn and tomb,
On that white marble's glittering fold
They lie—that rose of summer bloom,
That tress of childhood's gold!
Dear Poet, tell us—gazing down,
Low'st thou not more in realms above,
Than leiches of cold renown,
Those gifts of childhood's love.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Swearing Off.

Chicago Tribune.

"Grindstone, how much is left of that hard cider in your cellar?"

"It's all gone, Kiljordan."

(Pause.)

"Grindstone, let's swear off."

"All right. But I've just had a present of a gallon of apple brandy."

(Another pause.)

"Grindstone, I meant, of course, that we swear off from the abominable habit of smoking."

Outlived Its Usefulness.

New York Press.

Though much employed in days agone,
'Tis now ignored and frowned upon;
An outcast, doomed to bitter fate—
The calendar that's out of date.

A Curious Mining Town.

Hazleton (Pa.) Sentinel.

We are glad to see our churches well attended. In this mining town the theater doesn't draw as well as the church.

Not Extemporaneous.

Boston Herald.

Tommy (at dinner, the new minister being a guest)—You are quite a singer, I believe?

New Minister—Why, no. What makes you think so?

Tommy—Mother says that you stick to your notes more closely than any man she ever heard before.

On a Howling Bat.

Minneapolis Journal.

First Fast Young Man—This is Sunday afternoon. Let's go on a regular tear.

Second Fast Young Man—All right. We'll go up to the public library and read.

Saw the Error of His Ways.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Quevedo—I hear that Joughnes has joined the church.

Curtis—Yes, he was writing funny paragraphs about the grip; then he got it. Now he has reformed.

A Real Distinction.

Chicago Herald.

The glutton differs greatly from
The tramp who hungers in the street;
The former always eats too long,
The latter always longs to eat.

So Glad.

Boston Transcript.

She (at the mint)—Ah, now I know, Harry, why I think you as good as gold.

He—Oh, get out!

She—No; but you are, really. You are pressed for money, you know.

She Wanted the Kisses.

Scranton Cricket.

He—I am awfully sorry, Miss Marjorie but your lips were so near—the temptation—forgive me, I promise never to do so again.

She (tearfully anxious)—Never again?

He (contritely)—Never!

She (with conviction not born of experience)—Then I am afraid we can not be friends.

An Old Man's Satisfaction.

New York Press.

When I was young and in my prime
I always had a roaring time;
Though now I'm old and not so flip
I manage to retain my grippe.

A Historical Fact.

Springfield Republican.

Since Jesus was born and lived and died, the whole course of the world has changed, and is still changing, ever in the direction that He led—to a universal human brotherhood.

Looking for the Old Pipe.

Philadelphia Enquirer.

When you see a man with a corrugated brow chasing himself around in the snow to-day, you may bet a blue chip that he is making an earnest search for the $4 pipe that he threw out of the window yesterday. Accompanied with a worked tobacco pouch, and the firm resolution not to smoke for a year.

PINAFORE PRATTLE.

"Aren't you going to divide your jumble with your little sister, Willie?"

"Yes'm, I gave her the hole five minutes ago."—[Munsey's Weekly.

Minister—I am surprised to see you skating on the holy Sabbath, my young man. The Sunday school is the proper place for you.

Small Boy—Oh, that's all right. I'm going to stop in time for that.—[Time.

"What are you doin', you young rascal?" said a farmer to a remarkably small boy, on finding him standing under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand.

"Please, sir, I was only goin' to put this 'ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir."—Judge.

Little Joshua was asked on the arrival of a new member of the family which he would prefer, a little brother or a sister, to which he replied: "I'd rather have an express wagon." Upon being taken to see the infant he explained, "Oh, mamma, that fellow's hair was tut wid a tuttin' machine!"—[Judge.

Mamma—Darling, I am going to read you a pretty little poem, which says that wherever naughty fairies have danced nothing ever grows again.

Darling—Yes, mamma; I have often wondered why the hair didn't grow on the top of Uncle William's head.—[Burlington Free Press.

Who the Baroness Blanc Is.

Baroness Blanc is one of the most talked-of and written-about women in New York This lady is the wife of a cousin of Fred. Gebhard, and an intimate friend of Mrs. Langtry. She was a Philadelphia girl and married a Mr. Bigl, from whom she secured a divorce. She is very accomplished, sings, paints, and was on the stage awhile. She has a well-rounded figure, beautiful hair, the color of ripe corn, and has, I am told by one of her feminine admirers, the very handsomest husband in the world. The lady has been the subject of much paragraphing, some of which has been very unjust, but she is too well bred to reply to it in newspapers.—[New York letter to Chicago Herald.

What Rich Women Spend on Dress.

Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, the elder, spends but $1,000 a year on dress; Miss Nellie Gould but $2,500. Mrs. William Astor expends about $10,000 yearly, and the younger generations of Vanderbilt women even more.

FOLDING SAWING MACHINE.

Descriptive Catalogue showing hundreds of cases where one man has sawed from 4 to 9 cords in a day, sent free. A new filing tool adapted to all cross-cut saws accompanies each machine. FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

ORIGIN OF WORDS.

Singular Causes Which Brought Prominent Expressions Into Use.

"Oh, dear!" is equivalent to "O dio mio," "O my God!"

"Thimble," is "thumb bell," and "nostril" is strictly a "nose drill."

"Varlet" is the same word as "valet," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal."

"Slav" is not the slave of the old etymologists, but in reality a man of noble lineage.

"Rotten row," the famous London street, recalls la route du roi (the king's passageway).

"Dandelion" is dent de leon (the lion's tooth), and "vinegar" was once vin aigre (sour wine).

Madame is "my lady," and sir has been extracted from the Latin "senior" through the French.

"Biscuit" keeps alive the Latin bis coctus, (twice cooked), and a verdict is simply a vere dictum (true saying).

An earl was an "elder" in the primitive society, while pope is the same as "papa," and czar and Kaiser are both "Cæsars."

A "villain," before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him was a laborer on the villa of a Roman country gentleman.

Kings in the earliest days were merely the "fathers of families," and the word is derived from the same source as "kin."

Queen at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early signification exists in "quean," used now only in a bad sense.

Quelquechose we have jumbled into "kickshaws," and our "kewgaws" represent the joux-joux or playthings of former French children.

"Huzzy" was once a respectable housewife; a "knave" was simply a boy, the German knave of to-day, and a "caitiff" was in the first place merely a captive.

"Jimminy" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, O gemini, used by the Romans when they called upon the twins Castor and Pollux to help them.

Redingote is "riding coat," borrowed by the French from our own language, and returned to us in a new guise with the dressmaker's stamp of approval.

"Slop" shop has nothing to do with slops, as some amateur etymologists have asserted, but means clothing shops, the word coming from the Icelandic slopper, a coat.

Lord is the Anglo-Saxon hlaford (loaf distributer). The Latin term for "lord" (dominus) has given us "dominie," the old term for preacher, and the same root is found in "dame."

"Roamers" are people who go to Rome to see the pope, and "saunterers" was the appellation bestowed on the religious enthusiasts who made the pilgrimage to the sainte terre—the Holy land.

A "country" dance is a contra (opposite) dance, and the frequently mistaken etymology of this word calls to mind the fact that a "tuberose" has nothing of the rose about it, being simply a tuberous plant.

When a man says he does not care a "curse" he means that he does not care a cress, the lingual metothesis here being similar to that which makes "gooseberries" out of gorseberries, "axe" out of ask, and "wapse" out of wasp.—[New York Herald.

A Business Woman.

Jones (to a former sweetheart)—So you are going to throw yourself away on old Jimson?

She—Throw myself away! I guess you don't know that he has a million and a bad case of heart disease. Call that throwing myself away? That's what I call getting fancy prices.—[Texas Siftings.

As Good as a Chaperone Any Day.

Female Friend—Aren't you afraid to let Ethel go to the theater with Mr. Bailey without a chaperone?

Mother—Oh, dear, no! Bobby is with them, and you know that he has an intense dislike for Mr. Bailey.—[Time.

Publishers' Column.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each*. When framed they are fine enough or anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkaesy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

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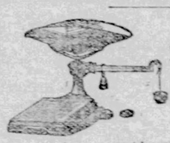

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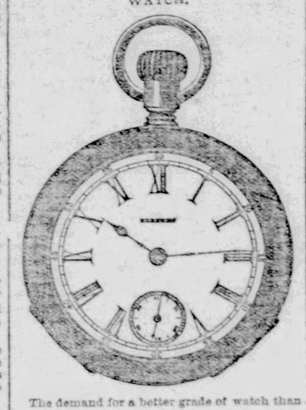

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

BEAUTY LOST THE DAY.

Awkward Table Manners Destroy the Charm of a Fair Face United to a Graceful Person.

PS, she is a beautiful woman, but—"

"Well, what fault have you to find with her, I would like to know? I did not think there was a possibility of your not being pleased. What does the 'but' mean after that announcement?"

There was a moment of embarrassed silence, then came the reply.

"I do not like her table manners. She was not well brought up, and I think that defect only goes to show that there may be others concealed which are ten times worse. "Think of sitting opposite a woman three times a day for 365 days in a year who blubbers her soup from her spoon into her mouth. Can't think of it, my boy, and that is the end of it. She is a beauty, though, and no mistake".

And it was the end of it, so far as he was concerned. It might seem a very small thing, absurdly so, when it was made the hinge upon which a future matrimonial arrangement turned, and yet the young man's reasoning was sound. Notwithstanding her extreme beauty, and the desirability of carrying out the wishes of his father he felt that a thing trifling though it might appear, which caused a feeling of disgust before marriage, would certainly not become less distasteful when presented to him in every day companionship for years. So, while there was not only "millions in it," but a real admiration for the lady's personal charms, he had the rare good sense to follow his intuitions.

AMERICAN TABLE MANNERS.

The table manners of American people, even those of so-called polite society, are affected by the constant rush and whirl in which the majority live. A carelessness in small particulars, the resultant of haste, is developed, which becomes noticeable when placed in contrast to the quiet and elegant breeding that observes the minor points of etiquette as carefully as the greater ones. We are just beginning to have a class devoted to elegant leisure that puts business and its anxieties, with its oft-times needless haste, into the background, but it is not yet sufficiently large to permeate through the lower strata of society.

"Show me how a man eats, and I will tell you whether I want him for a companion or not," writes some one who was a close observer of human nature. I do not imagine that he intended to convey anything more than his thought of pleasant companionship. He did not hinge his judgment of morals, of integrity, kindness, honor or purity upon the manner of taking food, but simply the capacity for being agreeable at the table.

It is said that the French people know how to enjoy themselves at the table better than any other nation in the world. They are always polite and considerate to each other, and though there may be little more than bread and water to eat, mirth and jollity combine to make it a meal fit for the gods. Max O'Rell gives us to understand that this is the reason that the French people are the healthiest people among those called civilized.

The table is often the place where not only peevishness makes itself the most manifest, but selfishness, which may be graded from the upper degrees of intensity down to the petty notes that irritate the looker on, and even more because of the absolute unconsciousness of the individual, who is offering incense at his own shrine. Did you never see a man sit down and proceed to help himself bountifully to every thing within his reach, leaving the rest of the family to get what they might in any way that they could? That sort of people is by no means a rarity, but they excuse—if indeed they think it worth while to excuse it at all—such conduct by the plea of "so much work to do and no time for tomfoolery." If they only knew how contemptible they look, not only in the eyes of the tired woman opposite, but in those of all who witness their proceedings, such a blow might be given to their self-love as to make a reform possible.

PLEASANT DINING ROOMS.

There is one thing which always seemed to me to conduce to pleasant and refined table manners, and that is a pleasant dining room. Surroundings have a greater effect upon the civilizing process than we are apt to imagine. I remember hearing the story—a true one—of what one beautiful picture hung in a dining room just where the look of the mistress of the household fell upon it whenever she chanced to raise her eyes. She was a fretful, fault-finding woman, whose pleasure it was to take the meal times for airing disagreeable subjects. Some way she found that when she looked at this picture, the sense of its loveliness stole over her, and checked the angry or peevish words that sprang so readily to her lips. They were held back and gentler ones came in their stead, until by and by the whole family felt the difference.

Families should take their meals, whenever it is possible—and it can generally be made so—in one of the pleasantest rooms of the house. The table should be daintily spread, even if the fare be somewhat limited. Better take the time from the cooking of many dishes to serve fewer in an appetizing manner.

Speaking of a pleasant dining-room reminds me of the description of one in a Japanese home by a writer in *Good Housekeeping*:

"The dining-room of this home, with its cool matted floors, and soft luxurious cushions, was characteristic of the house. The low table was always decked with flowers in costly vases of bronze, and not infrequently boughs of the blossoming trees were hung about the walls."

MARK OF GOOD BREEDING.

I have been talking about these things in a very rambling sort of manner, but the gist of my thought is this: Good table manners mark the true lady and gentleman—the one of good breeding—everywhere, and their cultivation is of the utmost importance in a social way. This cultivation must be carried on at the home table. It must be an every day matter. It must be ingrained into the thought, so that there will be no danger of lapses. They must not be for company use, for if they are, they inevitably show the pinch-beck when its exhibition will be the most mortifying. And while it may not be immoral to spread yourself all over the table, to suck your soup with a trumpet note from your spoon, to shovel your food with your knife into your mouth, to utterly disregard the wishes of others, it will be apt to make lookers-on suspect you of having been brought up with the cattle in the barn, and with those, too, who are not the best-behaved of their kind.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

BEAN-BAG GAME.

A correspondent writes to know about the bean-bag game, and as it may interest others of the HOUSEHOLD, the following is given:

It is played in two ways. For the first one, get a board say about two feet and a half square, which is to be elevated and propped like an easel. Have a hole in the center about seven inches square.

You can have either ten bags or five, according to the number who are to play. Make them of graded sizes, the largest nearly seven inches square, the next six, the third five and so on to the last three, which should be each about two and a half or three. These bags are to be made of ticking, with beans enough in them to fill about half full, or at least so they are loose in the bag.

The players stand from ten to fifteen feet from the board and try to throw the bags separately through the hole. Each has a chance to throw all of the bags. The largest bag counts the successful thrower 100; the next, 50; the next, 35; the next, 25; the next, 15; the next, 10; and the smaller 5 apiece. The one who counts up the most when figured up gets the prize; the one gaining the least, the booby. There may be a second and third prize if desired, and several rounds may be played to a game.

The second kind has a board of the same size mounted similarly with hooks or long, straight pegs upon it, say a half dozen at equal distances apart. The bags are round with holes in the middle, large enough to go easily over the hooks or pegs. You can make your own method of counting, giving to each successful throw whatever value you please.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

USE OF CELLULOID.—I have been a subscriber to THE BLADE for at least ten years and have enjoyed all its useful and entertaining contents, but this is the first time I have come into the circle, but when Mrs. T. D. Morris asked some one to tell her how to use celluloid for fancy work I thought if I did not describe some of the beautiful things that were displayed in our Old City (New Orleans) I should be selfish. There were little buckets, tubs and baskets made from the celluloid, padded bottoms of pretty Chinese and surah silks, hand painted and finished with an edge of pretty narrow silk and gilt braid and tassels of silk to match bottom. They were little beauties, but how shall I describe the lovelisess of some of the "Monchoir and glove sachets." Some were long, some square, and the very prettiest things of their kind I ever saw.

I will describe one if our Ed. will have the patience. It was a box of, I should think, 6 inches by 10 inches lined with surah silk and covered on outside with pretty contrasting colors. The lining was padded and sprinkled with sachet powder and put in loosely and caught in places like smocking, only it was irregular. The lining was left long enough to draw together on the top with tiny cord and tassels.

Cut your celluloid large enough to extend all over top and body of box. Cut back from top to top edge of box in pieces like a star pattern. Cover the box side all smoothly with the celluloid, leaving the four ends standing up. Perforate these in corre-ponding eyelet holes with small punch, lace with cord to match outside covering and tie together in center with a finish of tassels on ends of cord. Don't lace the opposite sides together, but simply over and over each separate edge which will leave the finished stand up slightly bowed above lining. The whole is painted in pink morning glories and makes the loveliest glove sachet I ever saw. I hope this will understood, as the article was so very handsome, if not I will write to the person if she so desires and send her a pattern.—FELICAN."

CRAZY TIDY.—I have finished something new and novel in the line of crazy tidy work. Get cotton flannel in a piece of old muslin; make it the size the tidy is to be when finished. Take scraps of unbleached muslin and baste them on the old muslin foundation just as you would for crazy patch work until all the old muslin is covered. Then take Turkey red cotton and work crazy stitches over the same. Try to have each piece worked a different stitch.

CENTER PIECE FOR A TABLE.—A beautiful way of arranging fruit and flowers for a center ornament on a table is as follows: Two pretty fruit dishes are required, the smaller one standing in the center of the larger one and filled with a variety of fruits. Flowers and trailing vines are arranged in the lower dish.

MILK WEED POMPONS.—Seeing a request for making milk weed pompons, I will tell my way. First, the milk weed must be damp or newly picked (I soak mine in warm water a few moments). Then open and take all the longest pieces and lay smoothly together. Take very fine wire and wind around the center, tightly, leaving one end long enough to form a stem. The secret of the work is working very fast, before they have time to dry, for they can't be done nicely then. You can color them with diamond dies—if you do so before they dry—and shake over a slow fire until they dry. They are very easy, if you practice a few moments. Some clip them with the shears after making, before they dry and open out. Hope I have made this plain.—MRS. ESTHER G. BURLINGAME, Conneaut, Ohio.

DECORATED PAILS.—I am an amateur artist. Have some pictures made in this way: Take tobacco or candy pail covers, sand paper till very smooth; putty up the nail holes; give one coat of common white paint, then it is ready for decoration. I have one with a landscape on, and one I painted shaded blue, very light, darkest at the top, then stamped on and painted a half wreath of wild roses, with a humming bird flying towards it. They have both been very much admired, and make pretty and not expensive Christmas gifts.—BLADE ADMIRER.

BOQUET HOLDERS.—I must tell the ladies how to make nice boquet holders to hang on the wall. Cut a large paste board in the shape of a cow's horn for the front. Another the same shape, only smaller, for the back. This will make the front somewhat rounding, and make room for the boquet round at the top. Make a paste of the white of an egg and flour. Put in a little diamond dye to color it. Red is generally preferred. Spread on this paste, then stick on small shells. Gather grasses and put in it, and you will have a nice boquet all winter.—Mrs. W. H. TUBBS, Moreland, Lincoln Co., Ky.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog., purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; s t st, solid stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

INFANT'S BOOT.—Chain 38 and join together. Take up 8 stitches on your needle, by putting needle through 1st stitch of chain—thread over—draw it through, keeping this stitch on your needle—make 7 more—thread over—draw through 2—over-draw through 2—and so on. Be sure you have 8 stitches on the needle after picking them all. Work 8 rows for the toe, join on colored worsted. Work 1 row of double crochet all round, putting 2 d. c. in each corner of instep, to shape toe. Join. With white worsted work 1 row of d. c. without widening. Join. 2d row—1 d. c. in every stitch, except at corner of the toe put 2 d. c. for widening. Turn the foot inside out, put the two sides of foot together, and crochet them with single crochet, work 1 row of d. c. round top of foot for leg. With colored worsted work a puff stitch in top of every other d. c. through the row—next a row of d. c. in white worsted—next row with colored, puff stitch—finish with scallops in colored worsted.

Puff stitch is made as follows:

*Thread over needle before putting it through work, (same as double crochet)—draw the thread through, and draw it out longer than usual—d. c. *—repeat what comes between the stars twice—thread over—draw it through the 7 stitches on the needle—thread over—draw it through the 1st stitch.—BLADE FRIEND.

PRETTY LACE FOR APRONS, CURTAINS, ETC.—First make an insertion of some pretty open work pattern, (pine apple is pretty,) the length required; break thread, and begin at the lower part of your 1st ch in the insertion. Fasten with small crochet hook, and make about 12 ch sts. Fasten with s c in about the 6th st of insertion, or so. Your chain will be in form of a scallop. Repeat until you have 5 of these chains or scallops. Now go back with d c to bottom of scallop, where begin by filling those quite full of s c. Begin on other side the same as 1st row, only making 4 scallops instead of 5. Repeat until you only have 1 scallop. Now, after going over your last ch, with single crochet, you will crochet up the other side with d c and back, clear around, with picots made by crocheting 5 ch and catching back in the second st, 2 ch, and fasten to scallop.

I hope I have made this plain, as it is very pretty. If made of brown carpet warp, and varnished or gilded, it is very pretty for mantel lambrequin. The next scallop is made the same way as the 1st, and so on.

Will say to "Ella," why not try darning net for your curtains, as they are far prettier than crocheted or knit ones.

And now to the sisters of the BLADE who have so generously answered my request for a "substitute for corsets," will you accept my thanks, as I cannot answer all personally? Any one doubting there is generosity in this world should just insert a request in a paper having the circulation of the dear old BLADE. To the lady that sent the pattern will say it is almost a perfect fit.—MRS. F. P. MALDEN, Bernyn, Neb.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME GOOD WORDS.—My Dear Sisters: There is nothing in this whole world one-half so valuable as human life—your life and mine—God's first gift to you and to me. Now, methinks I hear some of you say, "Oh, we knew all that before." Ah, yes! I know you did; but in the crush and push of this busy world, do you never forget it? In your eagerness to get this thing or that, or to reach this goal or the other, do you never carelessly sacrifice your life or your health? Do you not sometimes think or say that you would rather die than do some particular thing, when the thing you are called upon to do is very trifling indeed, as compared with your life and your duty to your Maker?

If, however, the thing you are called upon to do involves some true principle, then take God as your helper and go ahead and dare even death rather than yield, remembering that our Savior said: "He that would lose his life for my sake—the same shall find it," and "according to your faith be it unto you." You may not be understood. You may be misunderstood; your words and actions misconstrued. But there is no crown without the cross, you know.

"Be thou faithful unto [our Lord] death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The death of the righteous is but going to sleep and waking up in a better world.

But we are put here for a purpose. This life was not given us to be counted as nothing and of no account. We each have a work to do. Let us try and do it well, and we shall get our reward. Our Heavenly Father is too kind and loving, and just to make a world and put more people in it than it is capable of supporting and supporting well. He is able to "make the desert to blossom as the rose," but we must go the right way to work to get our share of the good things of earth if we expect to enjoy them. We must learn of Him. He never meant that we should rend and devour each other as do the wild beasts that have no souls. The dear little children! How we, who are mothers, love them! How often we tremble lest we should make some mistake in our dealings with, or our education of, them (for, after all, the mother is, or should be, the real educator).

How we desire that they should be able to hold their own among other children; and just here let me whisper that those mothers who are so afraid that you will spoil your children, are very often those who think that nobody's children have a right to be spoiled except their own. Not that I believe in spoiled children. Oh! but frequently what we call badness in our children is in reality badness in ourselves. If you don't believe this, the next time you think your child bad, just stop and think about it—put yourself in the child's place.

And then there are more ways than one of spoiling a child. The child who has burdens put on its shoulders that are heavier than it can bear is very likely to be spoiled in health. The child who is continually scolded and nagged and picked at, is very likely to be spoiled in temper and disposition. The child who has no one to love and care for it, is very likely to be spoiled in heart, yea! and more than that, it is very likely to be spoiled in soul. Oh, mothers! don't be afraid to love your children; God meant you to love them.

I know that exercise is necessary to a growing child and a certain amount of work may be necessary to discipline the children for the stern duties of life, and keeps them from growing too selfish, but after all the school lessons and the school play is about all that a growing child can stand. If we would have them grow into strong men and women.

I beseech of you, parents, don't put too heavy work on your children, in order that you may save and accumulate money, nor for any other reason than absolute necessity.

Mothers, if it is possible, hire a strong woman to do your work, and let your child's strength go into growth and preparation for the time when she will be a woman and have a woman's burdens to bear. Trust God to bring you out all right. And then those ruffles and tucks that we hear so much about. I'll venture to say that none of you like them better than I do, but I have been times when I have had to let them go in order to preserve my health, and if your material is pretty and of good quality, it is surprising sometimes what a neat and stylish finish a wide hem gives to it, and how it rests the eye that sometimes grows tired of more fancy trimmings.

The trouble with us is too frequently is that we try to crowd each other; we draw the lines of competition too close. Let us try and remember that—

There is room enough in the world, my friend,
For you and for me beside.
There is room enough without crowding,
The world is long and wide.

—FLORENCE EUSTIS.

GOOD READING.—I have seen so many requests in the HOUSEHOLD for reading matter of late, I thought I would like to tell you of my library of scrap books. First, I began a scrap book of poetry using only select poems and choice bits of poetry. The result was a book of poems written by some of the best poets, a book which has been read and re-read and admired by some of my school-girl friends enough to make me quite wealth of my book.

We have taken THE BLADE for several years and I became aware that there was too much really valuable information in its columns to be thrown away and I commenced four scrap books: A book of general reading matter, Miss Bouton's House-talks, a fancy work book, and a recipe book, and I find the two last invaluable in my housekeeping.

Then I have a large volume of reading, (poetry and prose,) taken from some of the best religious papers which my mother pronounces the most interesting of all my scrap books, and over which she spends many a Sabbath afternoon.

Then there is a book for select stories, not just any wishy-washy love stories that come along, but really interesting short stories, taken from first-class papers and good magazines; and I have several books besides these, made from old magazines and some of the current papers, and they are all pronounced very interesting by my friends.

I commenced another not long since and my mother says she expects to have to move out one of these days to make room for my scrap books. Now perhaps all have not a dear brother as I had who will be willing to turn over his best magazines to the mercy of their scissors, but you can hardly pick up a paper but what has some thoughts worth preserving, and after you begin to save every valuable bit of reading it is wonderful what a short time it takes to accumulate enough to make a large scrap book.—S. S.

A very good idea, which the editor cordially commends.—[ED.

A WORD TO THE EDITOR.—Your thoughts are so in accord with my own I have often felt like pressing your hand in approval. Your recent article regarding Mrs. Silcott and similar characters is certainly the truth and nothing but the truth. And do you not think we could go on to say that such characteristics, or want of character, are productive of just such men as her husband proved to be. I grew older I discover that woman's mission is no child's play, but she creates, to some extent, the moral atmosphere of her home or surroundings. Her love will be valued in proportion as her demand for purity and holiness is great. I have felt while you were so true a representative, there was no need of any expression from others, but one becomes so full of a subject they are like H. W. Beecher, in his addre-s to some students. He told them to fill themselves so full of their subject that all they would have to do in the pulpit would be to pull the bung and let it fly.—MRS. M. K. H.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me how to color cotton cloth with walnut hulls; how to set the colors and all about it?—D.

Will some one send recipe for Boston brown bread and baked beans?—E. E. M.

Will some one send name and address from Colorado or Nebraska? I would like to correspond about the cactus. I want to get a collection and will pay all postage. Address SUSAN HASKINS, Randall, Jewell county, Kan.

Will the readers of THE BLADE tell me what will cure irregular beatings of the heart, and strengthen the nervous system, and prevent wind from gathering in the stomach?—AUNT OLIVE.

Will some one tell how to start strawberry shrub?—BLADE READER.

Would some one be so kind as to send me a pattern for a nice fitting apron with long sleeves and high around the neck, for a baby girl one year old? If so, I will send postage to pay for the same. Address, MRS. THOS. FISHER, Warren, Oregon.

Please say to readers that my stock of literature is disposed of. There was a perfect deluge of letters. I tried to divide the best I could, and hope all were pleased. It was quite a tax on my time.—A READ.

I know of a little boy who is "shut in" this winter, and consequently cannot attend school or play with companions of his own age. And so the winter is very dreary and long to him. I wonder if some kind-hearted readers could send him some patterns of wall brackets or match safes. Patterns of any size, shape or kind would be gratefully received, as he has a small saw, but not any patterns, and if he only had something of the kind to keep him busy he would be happier. Also, will some one write to me about the country, who lives in the states of Oregon, California and Washington, any information about location, chances, etc.? I will gladly give all the information about the new state of North Dakota any one may wish to know. We have plenty of coal and timber and fine chance here. Also, can some one send me a few samples of painting on velvet, and patterns for same? Address MRS. W. H. PARISH, Shandan, Morton county, North Dakota.

I have a child that is bow-legged, and very badly so. Could any one who has had experience tell of a method to straighten the little limbs? Would also be glad to know a tested recipe for making Graham light bread.—NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Do any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD know of Sabbath school that would like some papers suitable for little folks? I have charge of an infant class which is very liberally supplied with papers, and there being no missionary society in the school, I am trying to devise a plan by which to interest the little ones in those who are less fortunate than themselves. Please answer through the HOUSEHOLD.—GYPSY, Princeton, Iowa.

Can some reader of THE BLADE tell what will remove coppers stains from white goods?—OLLIE.

Will some reader of THE BLADE please tell me if pinching the tops out of geraniums to make them bush out can be done in winter the same as in summer, and if so, how often? Any information will be thankfully received by one who is anxious to know all about it. Why don't we have more talks about flowers. I think it would be so instructive.—A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Last spring two different ladies, I think one lives in Kansas, and the other I do not remember the state, made the offer to send each to any one who would send the postage. I cut out the offers and sent to each of them. I got a card from one of them, saying she would send them in a few days. I have not heard any more from either since. Now I think they have sent them and they have been lost in the mail. If you will kindly give this a place in the HOUSEHOLD, they will see it and let me know, and I would like to try again, for I want them so much.—MRS. M. A. SIMMONS, Snedd, Linn Co., Oregon.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Nell" all that it is necessary to do is to get your story copyrighted in your own name. To do this, send a printed slip with name of story to librarian of congress, enclosing 50 cents, and statement that you wish a copyright for the story. That constitutes the application. He will return printed circulars which will tell you what to do. It will cost 50 cents more to complete the matter.—[ED.

The address for training school for nurses of Chicago is: "Training School for Nurses, Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Ill." And that of Detroit is: "Harper's Hospital, Detroit, Mich." Would kindly send the lady a certificate from the school at Chicago that would give her all the information needed if she will give her address in the Household.—MRS. BARDEN, Nurse.

Please say to C. S. that I will send a circular to her that will tell her all about a good training school for nurses if she will send me her address.—MRS. N. E. LOVELAND, Green Spring, O.

If Miss E. S. will send me a stamped envelope I will tell her how to study shorthand without a teacher. I should like to correspond in short-hand with some one understanding the Graham system.—E. M. KAUFMAN, Interlachen, Fla.

Tell C. S. to send me her address and I will give her some information.—McD., 148 W. 13th street, Chicago, Ill.

Tell reader who wanted recipe for communion bread to use sweet cream and flour to make dough, then roll out the same as pie crust, and crease in squares of one inch and bake.—A. McDOWELL.

ANNA W.: The yarn winder which you ask about that has been advertised elsewhere in THE BLADE is a very convenient article, and not expensive. It can be fastened to a table, and then you can wind at your leisure. It holds any sized skein of wool.—ED.

Some one writes to know whether bouillon should be taken, like tea, directly from the cup, or a spoon be used. It must be taken like any drink, from the cup without a spoon.—ED.

Mary, you must give your best wishes for her prosperity and happiness to the bride, but congratulate the groom, as this is a way of complimenting the lady whom he has been so fortunate to win to be his wife.—ED.

It is very important that our correspondents should not write upon both sides of the paper. Several fancy work articles and many other good things could not be published on this account.—ED.

ASTHMA CURE.—Allow me to say to the sufferer from asthma, that to smoke dried chestnut leaves and drink tea made of the same gives great relief, and in most cases effects a cure, if used for a few months. This I give from the experience of one of our own family.

Please say to the lady who asked for directions for tidy that if she will write to R. J. B., box 332, Fredericktown, O., I will send her a sample of crochet for a pretty, durable and cheap tidy.

ANOTHER.—Tell Benjamin Lewis to make a tea of sycamore chips. Make it strong, and to every quart of tea add one cupful of white sugar. Drink half a teacupful every two hours until relieved (either hot or cold as you prefer). Hope you will try it. Think it will relieve you.—EMMA HILL.

RECIPES.

ENGLISH PLUMB PUDDING for MRS. S. E. F.: Mix thoroughly together 1 lb. of stoned raisins, 2 of currants, 1 of suet, chopped fine; 1 of brown sugar, ¾ lb. of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, 2 of ground ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, 2 of allspice, one nutmeg, grated; ¼ lb. each of citron and candied lemon peel. Wet the mixture with eight eggs, well beaten, stirring until it is well mixed. Butter a good strong cloth, tie very tight, and boil 10 hours. You can boil it 5 or 6 hours, then carefully lift the pudding into a colander, scald the cloth and finish boiling the next day.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take one dozen ripe tomatoes or one can of tomatoes; put on to cook in a quart of water. When the tomatoes are thoroughly cooked, strain this and then add one pint of milk or cream, a lump of butter the size of an egg; salt to taste.—MRS. EMMA CLARK.

RICH PUDDING.—Will some of the members try this recipe for a rich pudding and report; I pleased with the same? Three cupfuls flour, 1 cupful each of molasses, melted butter, hot water and raisins, 1 teaspoonful soda. Put in a 3 quart dish, place in the steamer, cover well and let steam about three hours. For sauce—Put in sauce-pan water thickened with a little flour, add sugar and butter, boil all together and flavor with vanilla.—MRS. ALBERT HANER.

CROQUETTES OF TURKEY.—Mince the meat from the remains of cold turkey, with a little cooked ham; make a gravy of the bones and trimmings, well seasoning it; chop an onion and put it into a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter and 1 tablespoonful of flour; mix well and then put in the mince with about ½ pint of gravy made from the bones. When just heated add the yolk of 2 eggs; put the mixture out to cool, and shape it in an egg cup. Cover the croquettes with egg and bread crumbs and fry a light brown. Serve with rolled bacon cut very thin.

LAYER CAKE.—1 cupful sugar, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water, 1 heaping cupful of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 1 teaspoonful lemon extract. This makes 3 cakes.

FILLING.—To Spread between layers while warm.—1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 heaping tablespoonful of flour, 1 teaspoonful lemon extract, cold water enough to make a thin batter. Stir this in a ½ pt. boiling water and cook until thick as sweet cream. Flavor try this and report, and if it gives satisfaction, I will send more.—MRS. C. P. BUCK, Carthage, Mo.

HOW I FRY CHICKEN.—After it is cut up, salt and pepper to taste, and roll in flour. Have the frying pan ready, with either butter or lard hot. Fry the chicken nice and brown. When brown on both sides, add some water, put on a lid, and stew until nicely done.—M. A. S.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

WILSONVILLE, ALA.	James E Wilson
Walter Edwards	John A Wilson
John Weldon	KISMET, TENN.
John Brown	Walter E Raynes
LENN, MO.	Fred Anderson
Joseph H Bonrgeret	Luther Carter
David S Wilson	

Names this week, 10. Total, 28,154.

The above embraces all names received up to January 10.

For the Young Folks.

AN ADMONITION TO FERN.

In the still of the night,
In the noise of the day,
When you smile in your sleep,
Or you laugh in your play,

There come tender thoughts,
And oft gentle tears,
Of unharvested thorns
And of pang-laden years.

When that free little heart
Will be caught in a snare,
Then a sweetheart, a bride,
And a mother with care.

Your mamma has plotted
And planned, and she said
She would put a big stone
On your dear little head!

Just to keep you from growing,
Like buds of the wood,
So that you might always
Be little and good.

But buds will make flowers,
And flowers will fade,
And where there is sunshine
There, too, must be shade.

Some day there will come,
Like the Romans of old,
A bold, daring robber,
A wolf to the fold.

Then papa he'll ask
For his blossoming May,
And mamma will cry
When he takes you away.

And when Father Time,
In his curious flight,
Has furrowed the forehead,
Has windowed the sight,

Has frosted the tresses,
And left not a curl,
There will come back the past
And a dear little girl.

And with sorrow you'll think
Of the days that were then;
O, Fern! you will never
Be little again.

JOHN G. TEMPLE.

LIGHT IN LOST COVE.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

IT fair the Ikelies' place fur lonesomeness ez I know on, Los' Cove air."

Silas Hoover, as he stood in the cabin door and watched the clouds gathering across the western horizon, stretched his long arms at full length above his head and yawned.

A gust swept by, with a half-sounded sob in its track. Down in "the big lot" the pigs were holding an exciting debate upon some subject fully understood by themselves alone.

"The peegs air squealin' fur rain," said Silas, "or else fur snow. An' snow in Los' Cove—I hope 'taint sholy comin at Chris'mas time. Los' Cove air bad enough for lonesomeness any time o' the year, but it do seem's of the yellments might let weuns see a brek in the clouds Caris'mas-times."

He turned from his study of the weather and went back to the fireplace, shutting the door after him. The latch fell into its place with a suggestive "click."

"Locked in," said Silas. "Shet in fur the winter, like a lot o' juli birds. If it rains, she'll be no gettin' out o' this hole o' creation fur better'n a week."

He dragged a chair to the chimney corner where Mrs. Hoover sat, slowly and monotonously turning the flax wheel. There was no other sound in the room than the buzz of the wheel in its swift whirl. For ten minutes the swift whir continued; then Silas laid his rough hand impatiently upon the wheel.

"Stop that everlastin' racket!" he exclaimed. "Don't ye hear what it says? 'Rain, rain, rai-n-n! Oh-o-o-o! Ugh-u-u!' An' when it stops, suddintlike, it 'minds me'o the wind liftin' the latch off the door; an' when it air plumb still, it's like the snow hev done fell an' shut off all noise, an' wropped the worl' in a white sheet. Stop it, I tell ye, afore I gits plum distracted!"

Nancy Hoover was a woman of a few words, and not given to argument. She accepted her husband's opinion in most

matters where she might have been expected to have an opinion of her own, although a few persons who knew her before her marriage declared that she could "set her foot down tolerbly stiddy when she was minded ter do it."

There had been no cause for any great display of firmness on her part since she had come to live with Silas in Lost Cove, so that any attribute of this kind which she may have possessed had not been of much service to Mrs. Hoover.

True, there was Silas's drinking. She might have "set her foot" against that, but she had long ago learned that to be capable of reformation a drunkard must have some goodness of heart and strength of mind, and she had to check her husband's drunkenness.

"I'm no use ter argefy," she told herself. "'Taint no use ter argefy with him 'bout nothin'. He air that set in his ways, 'taint no use."

So when Silas rattled out upon the unoffending wheel, she set it back in the distant corner and said, in her quiet way, "Yaas, it air tolerbie lonesome ter Los' Cove."

"Hit air plum pizen!" said Silas. "Los' Cove air more darker nor a sink hole, with the clouds bent an' determinin' on shettin' out the little daylight weuns hev got."

Again, in quiet acquiescence, Mrs. Hoover's only reply to his complaint was, "Yaas, it air tolerbie lonesome ter Los' Cove."

"I hev a good mind ter git on Foxfly an' leave these diggin's fur good'n all," said Silas, as he sat before the white embers that gloomy Christmas Eve. "I hev a good mind ter."

He had been of that "mind" for the last ten years, so that Mr. Hoover felt no serious alarm because of the avowal of his runaway inclination. She knew that the "leavin' the diggin's" meant to her husband a breakneck gallop to the settlement on the mountain, a day's loafing around the settlement store, a carousal with the drunken loafers always to be found there, an hour or two at cards when they had made him reckless and incapable on Green Rogers's mean whiskey; then a break up of the game in a row, and a midnight gallop to his home, where he would arrive drunk and crazy.

This carousal would be followed by a day of stupidity, a week of fretfulness, and a month of work; then Silas was ready for a repetition of the programme of "leavin' the diggin's."

It was a miserable existence, a dog's life for both husband and wife; for all of the family, indeed, for there was Coley, the only child that had come to gladden the cabin in the cove.

"If it war not for him," said Silas, "I'd 'a' lit out o' this here hole long ago. If it war not for him I'd go this minit. I'd—" A thought seemed to strike him. He set his chair back upon the undressed floor with a loud whack, and got up and stood before the fire.

"I hev a good min' ter do it," he said. "I hev a good min' to fetch the youngster 'long o' me."

"Ah!"

The time for setting her foot down had arrived. Mrs. Hoover looked her husband full in the eye, and boldly took issue with him.

"Naw yer haint," she said. "Naw yer haint goin' ter do that. I give ye my word, p'inted, ez ye air not goin' ter fetch that boy out o' this yard, let 'lone out o' this cove. Ye can't do that air, Silas Hoover."

Silas Hoover looked at his wife as if a corpse had suddenly awakened to life and turned upon him. He regarded her for a moment in a kind of wonder. He liked it, the tardy rebellion; it gave a turn to the monotony of their ten years of life together. It amused him. He turned upon his heel with a half sneer.

"Shucks!" he said. "What air ye ter be a-layin' uv the law down ter me?"

She lifted her hand. The movement might have meant, with all its solemn seriousness, a calling upon heaven to witness her statement. "I be," she said, "I be his mammy."

Simple words, yet to the man hearing them they were full of meaning. He felt vaguely and understood that the mother might not be put down and trampled upon as the wife had been. This was an opposition that would contest with him while there was life in the body. He recognized its force in an instant, and with the recognition came the half-brutal impulse to defy it.

He went out of doors, crossed the little yard, and forming a sort of trumpet with his hands, called, "Coley! Col-e-ey!"

From the woods beyond the desolate corn-field a child's voice responded to the call. Soon there came across the bare, brown field a tiny toddler, whose young limbs had not yet learned to feel at home in trousers. He crept through a "crack" in the fence, dragging a huge chip basket after him.

"The hickeenuts air all gone, an' the pecgs hev set up all the wounuts!" he called to his father in the shrillest, most disappointed of voices.

"Never ye min' the hogs an' the hickeenuts, Coley," said Silas. "Hickeenuts don't grow at Chris'mas time, sonny, but hogs air toler'ble peart at that season, an' them ez hev been a fat'nin' on weun's hickeenuts hed better look out. Come 'long ter me. If ye can't git no nuts, ye kin git a ride on Foxfly—a shore 'nough ride."

The boy's delight shone in every feature. Out o' the lot?" he asked.

"Clar out," said Silas. "Out o' the cove hitse'f; out o' the worl', mebbe."

He glanced back at his wife, who was following him across the yard, and answered the boy's question as to whither they were going.

"Goin' ter hell," he said, "fur all weuns knows, Coley."

"That be mighty nigh a true word, Silas," said Mrs. Hoover, "fur ef that hole up ter the settlemint ben't close kin ter the place ye hev named, then it hev no kinfolks top-side o' this yearth."

Silas's temper was at white heat. He swung the boy to his shoulder, and strode off toward the stable. His wife called after him:

"I 'low ye'll fetch him back ez drunk ez ye allus comes yerse'f! He air boun' ter be a drunkard, anyhow, Coley air. It air the inherit'nce he hev got o' his pappy. Eve'body 'lows that o' him. Now ye kin show 'em it be a true word they uns hev give."

Silas stopped a moment. The words struck him peculiar force. They angered him. "The man ez puts a drop ter the youngster's lips'll never know what kilt him," he said with an oath.

"Then you'll drap him under the filly's heels, an' git his brains tromped out. Ye'll never fetch him back safe an' soun'. Ye aint fitten ter be pappy ter a child."

Without another word he went on to the stable, the boy's legs dangling from his shoulder, and the boy's laugh ringing out upon the crisp December air. When next the wife and mother saw them Silas was astride the half-broken filly, and with the boy in his lap galloping toward the settlement.

But it was not a merry ride to the man astride the brown filly. Somehow the effect of the gallop through the wind was to take the enjoyment out of the exploit. He began to see in its true light the thing that he was doing. He had, as he said, "got ahead of Ole Nancy," but he had done so only by the exercise of the brute strength that was in him. There was no great glory in that.

Then, too, his wife's last words troubled him. "He air boun' ter be a drunkard 'count o' his inher't'nce." He had heard of the thing called "heredity," but he had not thought to apply its principle to the case of himself and Coley until his wife's words had brought the whole thing home to him.

His boy a drunkard—the one idol of his weak, sinful heart, the one tie that bound him to his Maker! He hugged more closely the little form which sat before him, and swore again, under his breath, that the man who put liquor to his son's lips should die.

The oath had scarcely left his lips when he drew rein before Green Rogers's door, where the usual group of loafers had congregated. They greeted him with their customary indolent "Howdye" before they saw the figure perched upon the pommel of the saddle. Swep Foster first saw him, and gave vent to a loud exclamation.

"Waal, I never!" he said. "A chip come 'long ter l'arn o' the ole block. Air that a new customer ye hev fetched, Si?"

The men laughed; they were all, as the storekeeper said, "more or less full o' Chris'mas," half drunk, ready to fight, like a match, at the slightest friction. Silas swung Coley to the ground, where, frightened at the loud "naw! haw!" he began to whimper. More like the baby that he was.

"Shet up!" said Silas, "an' don't be lett'n on ez ye never heeard a jackass a-brayin' afore now."

Silas's sarcasm only tended to increase the general fun.

"Go on in, Si," said Dink Sanders, the only sober one in the crowd. "Go on in an' git something ter het ye up, an' mebbe ye'll be better sperits."

"Naw, said Swep, "Si aint a-needin' nothin' ter het him up; what Si need

Talmage's Sermon.

HIDING AN INFANT KING.

The Story of the Concealment of Young King Joash, and Some Eloquent and Practical Lessons Drawn Therefrom by Brooklyn's Famous Preacher.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city to-day. He is making his way home, which he expects to reach in the early part of February. Dr. Talmage's text was: "Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash, the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons, which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years."—II Kings, xi, 2, 3. He said:

Grandmothers are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At forty years of age, if discipline be necessary, chastisement is used, but at seventy, the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than this mellowing of old age toward childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket handkerchief and wipes her spectacles, and puts them on, and looks down into the face of her mischievous and rebellious descendant, and says: "I don't think he meant to do it; let him off this time; I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future." My mother, with the second generation around her—a boisterous crew—said one day: "I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up grandchildren." But here, in my text, we have a grandmother of a different hue.

I have within a few days been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me, while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the queenly murderess. She ought to have been hour-oratric. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of prince and princess. On all sides are shrieks, and limbs thrown up, and struggle, and death groan. No mercy! Kill! Kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet-footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, struggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, unwraps the young king and puts him down, sound asleep as he is, and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six years he is secured in that church apartment.

But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne and to put back into disgrace and death the old Athaliah. Everything is ready. Now Joash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought forth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hands, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped, and waved, and huzzaed, and trumpeted, "What is that?" said Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the temple?" And she flies to see, and on her way they meet her and say: "Why, haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the queenly murderess, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters, and ran through the royal stables; but the battle-axes of the military fell on her in the barnyard, and for many a day, when the horses were being unloosed from the chariot, after drawing out young Joash, the fiery steeds would stand and rear passionately for place, as they smell the place of the carnage.

The First Thought I Hand

you from this subject is that the extermination of righteousness is an impossibility. When a woman is good she is apt to be very good, and when she is bad, she is apt to be very bad, and this Athaliah was one of the latter sort. She would exterminate the last scion of the house of David, through whom Jesus was to come. There was plenty of work for embalmers and undertakers. She would clear the land of all God fearing and God loving people. She would put an end to everything that could in anywise interfere with her unpeopled criminality. She folds her hands and says: "The work is done; it is completely done." Is it? In the swaddling clothes of that church apartment are wrapped the cause of God, and the cause of good government.

Well, my friends, just as poor a botch does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says: "I will just put an end to pure religion." Dominion A. D. 1000 Christians. Piedmont alone, 844,000 Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the flames hissed, and the guillotine chopped, and the Bastile groaned; but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice; or Zutuglius, the Swiss reformer; or John Oldcastle, the Christian nobleman; or Abdallah, the Arabian martyr; or Anne Askew, or Sanders, or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus, some Jonah would spring up and out, and take the throne of power, and wield a very scepter of Christian dominion.

Infidelity says: "I'll just exterminate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were hurled on them, and learned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: "In my 'Age of Reason' I have annihilated the Scriptures. Your Washington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foe of Bibles and of churches." O, how many assaults upon that Word! All the hostilities that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one book. Said one man, in his infidel desperation, to his wife: "You must not be reading that Bible," and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child—the only child that God had ever given them—he pitched the book with its contents into the fire, and stirred it with the tongs, and spat on it, and cursed it, and said: "Susan, never have any more of that damnable stuff here!"

How many individual and organized attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible! Have they done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions, whose only object it is to multiply copies of the scriptures, and throw them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the corners of our Sabbath school rooms, and send great boxes of them everywhere, if they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium! Yea, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of life that blaze in our pulpits and in our families extinguished—on the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding jubilee over the universal extinction there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athaliah of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the King's stables. You cannot exterminate Christianity! You cannot kill Joash!

The Second Thought

I hand you from my subject is, that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs and of young princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young king saved. It seems as if between that young king and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us are the imperiled children of a great King.

They are born of Almighty parentage, and will come to a throne or a crown, if permitted. But blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul. Who will snatch away Joash?

This afternoon, in your Sabbath school class, there will be a prince of God—some one who may yet reign as king forever before the throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in church or state—some Cromwell to dissolve a parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harp string, some John Howard to pour fresh air into the lazaretto, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the besotted, some David Brainard to change the Indian's war whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make queens turn pale, some Josiah to demolish idolatry and strike for the kingdom of heaven.

I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't reclaim all our children from worldliness is because we begin too late. Parents wait until their children lie before they teach them the value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversation. They wait until their children are all well shaped up in the world before they tell them of a better world. Too late with your prayers. Too late with your discipline. Too late with your benediction. You put all your care upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put the chief care between four and nine? It is too late to repair a vessel after it has got out of the dry docks. It is too late to save Joash after the executioners have broken in. May God arm us all for this work of snatching royal souls from death to coronation. Can you imagine any subjimer work than this soul saving? That was what flushed Paul's cheek with enthusiasm; that was what led Munson to risk his life amid Bornesian cannibals; that was what sent Dr. Abeel to preach under the consuming skies of China; that was what gave courage to Phocus in the third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out, and in his own garden dug his grave, and then came back and said, "I am ready;" but they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of their host. He said, "It is the will of God that I should die," and he stood on the margin of his own grave and they beheaded him. You say it is a mania, a foolhardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self-abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Joash from death, and raising him to coronation.

The Third Thought

I hand to you from my text is that the church of God is a good hiding place. Would God that we were all as wise as Jehosheba, and knew that the church of God is the best hiding place. Perhaps our parents took us there in early days; they snatched us away from the world and hid us behind the baptismal fonts and amid the Bibles and the psalm books. O, glorious inclosure! We have been breathing the breath of the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the lamb on the altar and we have handled the phials which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure! When my father and mother died, and the property was settled up, there was hardly anything left; but they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession, because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone there for shelter; and when assaulted of sorrows, I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to live. I want, like Joash, to stay there until coronation. I mean to be buried out of the house of God.

O men of the world outside there, betrayed, caricatured and cheated of the world, why do you not come in through the broad, wide open door of Christian communion? I wish I could act the part of Jehosheba to-day, and steal you away from your perils and hide you in the temple. How few of us appreciate the fact that the church of God is a hiding place. There are many people who put the church at so low a mark that they begrudge it everything even the few dollars they give toward it. They make no sacrifice. They dole a little out of their prosperity. They pay their butcher's bill, and they pay their doctor's bill, and they pay their landlord, and they pay everybody but the Lord, and they come in at the last to pay the Lord in his church, and frown as they say: "There, Lord, it is; if you will have it, take it—now take it, take it; send me a receipt in full, and don't bother me soon again!"

I tell you it is not more than one man out of a thousand that appreciates what the church is. Where are the souls that put aside one-tenth for Christian institutions—one-tenth of their income? Where are those who, having put aside that one-tenth, draw upon it cheerfully? Why, it is pull and drag, and hold on, and grab, and clutch; and giving is an affliction to most people when it ought to be an exhilaration to every figure. Oh, that God would remodel our souls on this subject, and that we might appreciate the house of God as the great refuge. If your children are to come up to lives of virtue and happiness, they will come up under the shadow of the church. If the church does not get them the world will.

Ah, When You Pass Away,

and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed, and your little ones come up to take your last word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the church's benediction.

More than that, you yourself will want the church for a hiding place when the mortgage is foreclosed; when your daughter, just blooming into womanhood, suddenly clasps her hands in a slumber that knows no waking, when pain and trouble walks through the parlor, and the sitting room, and the dining hall, and the nursery, you will want some shelter from the tempest. Ah, some of you have been run upon by misfortune and trial, why do you not come into the shelter? I said to a widowed mother after she had buried her only son—months after I said to her: "How do you get along nowadays?" "Oh, she replied, "I get along tolerably well except when the sun shines." I said: "What do you mean by that?" when she said: "I can't bear to see the sun shine; my heart is so dark that all the brightness of the natural world seems a mockery to me." O, darkened soul, O, broken hearted man, broken hearted woman, why do you not come into the shelter? I swing the door wide open. I swing it from wall to wall. Come in! Come in! You want a place where your troubles shall be interpreted, where your burdens shall be unstrapped, where your tears shall be wiped away.

Church of God, be a hiding place to all these people. Give them a seat where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. O, Church of God, gate of heaven, let me go through it!

God grant that all this audience, the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding place where Joash found it—in the temple.

FIRE AT ST. LOUIS

Due to the Electric Light Wires in the Streets.

Shortly before 7 o'clock on Jan. 8, fire started in the basement of the Western Union telegraph building, St. Louis, Mo. The fire soon ascended through the air shaft from the first to the top floor. The building was an old one, situated on the corner of Third and Olive streets, and in addition to the Western Union Telegraph company, was occupied by the offices of the Associated Press, the Daily Printing company, Allen & Ginter Cigarette company, the Bradley Printing & Roll company, and one or two other offices.

At 9:30 the fire was brought under complete control but the building was gutted.

The fire started in the basement, and spread upward so quickly that all the inmates of the operating room had to fly for their lives, and many of them had narrow escapes.

A network of wires lead into the building by way of the roof. The storm of yesterday loaded down the telegraph and telephone wires as well, with a heavy coating of ice. During the previous day and night many breaks occurred, and service was badly interrupted. At 6 o'clock that morning a wire leading to the basement of the building came in contact with a broken electric light wire, and at once the building was on fire.

Several firms occupied offices and stores in the building, and their loss will be total. The loss is estimated at $100,000, of which $50 000 falls on the Western Union company.

A genealogist has discovered that McGinty is a lineal descendant of the famous Thorwald MacGuinta who discovered Boston in 1104.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Leg Swells—The Sheep Tick.

S. D. F., Prairie Du Chilen, Wisconsin: For the swelled leg in your 3-year-old colt, take of Venice turpentine, 2 ozs; 1½ drachms oil of juniper; 6 ozs. powdered resin; 5 ozs. nitre; 6 ozs. hard dried soap. Mix the soap and turpentine together, and, when cooling, stir in the nitre and juniper. Make of this 24 boluses. Give one bolus every day for twelve days; omit for a week and give the remainder, one each day. Give ½ a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia twice a day, either dissolved in drinking water or sprinkled on corn, while giving the boluses. Give gentle exercise and good hay. For sheep ticks, Mr. Stewart in the Shepherd's manual, says: "To rid the flock of these pests, it is therefore a necessary labor in the spring or early summer and, if need be, again in the autumn. The easiest remedy is to dip both sheep and lambs, as soon as the sheep are shorn, and again in August or September, in a decoction of tobacco mixed with sulphur. Coarse plug tobacco or tobacco stems, which are cheaper than the leaves, and equally effective, are steeped in water at a boiling heat, but not boiling, at the rate of four pounds to twenty gallons of water. One pound of flowers of sulphur are then stirred in the liquid, which is brought to a temperature of 130 degrees, and kept so during the dipping by the addition of fresh hot liquor. During the dipping the mixture is kept stirred to prevent the sulphur from subsiding. The dip may be conveniently placed in a trough or tub large enough to allow of the immersion of the sheep or the lamb, which is taken by the fest by two men and plunged into the bath at the temperature mentioned, where it is held for a minute or two, until the wool is thoroughly saturated. The animal is then placed in a pen with a raised floor, sloping on each side to a trough in the middle, along which the superabundant liquor escapes into a pail or tub."

Breaking Out at Edge of Horse's Hoof.

W. R. M., Hartwell, Missouri: For the sore around the coronet of the hoof of your horse poultice the part for three or four days with linseed meal poultice. Then wash off with soap and water and apply the following ointment: Linen or muslin and wrap over it with a bandage to keep out dust: Acetate of lead, ¼ oz; oxide of zinc, ¼ oz; lard, 4 ozs. Mix well. Change the linen every other day, and before each application wash with warm water and soap. Feed no corn for two weeks, but plenty of good oats and hay. If there are any signs of feverishness, give a pint of raw linseed oil.

Bone Spavin.

J. M. B., Waterville, Kansas: The removal of lameness in bone spavin depends upon perfect union or solidifying of the diseased bones. In acute inflammatory cases nature works the change, but in the ulceration stage assistance is required. Therefore, an active inflammation in the joint is required to overcome the ulceration process and induce new deposits of bone to be thrown out. For this purpose, take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 drachm; lard, 2 ounces. Mix well together. Shave off the hair and rub the part once a day for six or eight days, washing before each renewed application with warm water and soap. At the end of the time named wash the parts with proof-spirits. If the desired effect is not produced, repeat it.

Mangy Cats.

M. H. B., Iowa City: The disease in cats, for which a remedy was given in THE BLADE Farm Column, is known as mange. There are several kinds of insects called acari which cause mange. Some of them are so small that they can only be discovered by a microscope. The disease is a highly contagious one. A farmer wrote to this department not long since saying that he had been attacked by the mange parasite, and was suffering dreadfully. They burrow in the skin, and there is soon watery exudation, then scabs form and the parasites spread over the body. They live on the water in the skin which arises from their bites. Some people believe that the horse parasite is confined to that animal, but this we think is a most skin idea. Where there is an eruption on the skin, or a cut, and the exudation from the animal comes in contact the mange insect finds a lodgment. So great is the vitality of the insects, that they can live in pure water for three hours; in strong vinegar or alcohol for twenty minutes; in a solution of sulphuric acid, twelve minutes; in turpentine, nine minutes; in a solution of arsenic, four minutes. The insect clings to the floor, walls, harness, blankets, etc. Children should not be permitted to play with mangy cats.

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G. W., Fall River, Kan.: A wart such as you describe should be removed by a veterinarian, who will use the firing iron. Painting the wart with permanganate of potash is a way frequently practiced, and it will, it is claimed, remove warts of large size. Warts may be cut off by passing a needle through the center, armed with a double thread, and tied tightly around the neck on each side.

Pulls Back When Tied Outside the Stable.

H. B. H., Fairburg, Nebraska: A good way to stop your horse from pulling back when tied outside the stable is: Pass a line through bridle rings, through ring on belt around the animal near the shoulders, running in an inside ring on the opposite side of the horse's back, and then through bridle ring. Tie the horse with the projecting line from the head. When he pulls back he will find something bothering him at the tail, and the harder he pulls, the tighter will become the grip of the line. He will come to the conclusion that there is less fun in pulling than formerly, and will stop it. You can let him practice on the line at home when you are about the horse have time to spare. It will be a surprise to the horse and quite satisfactory to you.

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D. S., Mason, Michigan: Nasal gleet is a difficult disease to cure. In such cases a veterinarian should be called, for the reason that there is always a question whether or not the animal has glanders. At times it requires the careful eye of the veterinarian for several weeks to determine positively whether the case is one of glanders or nasal gleet. Nasal gleet may result from a neglected cold, the lingering effects of influenza or epizootic, or from some foreign body thrust in the nose, or from polypi, cancer, etc. Nasal gleet may be cured. If there is polypi in the nose, remove it. Syringe the nostrils with tincture of chlorite of iron, 1 oz; water, 1 quart. Use once a day. Put a sharp fly-blister upon the face, over the chambers and sinuses of the nose. Sprinkle chloride of lime in the bottom of the manger, so that the horse may inhale it. Give this powder night and morning for a month: Sulphate of copper, ½ drachm; pulverized ginger, 1 drachm. Mix for one dose. The animal should not be exposed to direct draughts, and should have careful grooming. Feed none but good, wholesome food.

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How to Raise Poultry.

Job M. Fisher, (a boy 16 years old) Bethany, Illinois: As you wish to know how to raise poultry, the editor advises you to begin with but one kind of fowls—any of the leading general purpose ones. Feed them on a variety of food, corn, boiled oats, plenty of vegetables and grass, soft feed with a little onion cut up in it once in a while. Also see that they have plenty of dust to dust themselves with, both winter and summer. Give them a good, warm house, and keep it scrupulously clean. Read that which the editor and correspondents say in THE BLADE and you can not go very far wrong in making a success of poultry raising. The trouble with most people is that they start out with too many breeds. You must make a careful study of the habits of the fowls. Fowls like a change of food the same as human beings.

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J. C. S., Mansfield, Indiana: Write to Jeremiah Rusk, secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C., and you will no doubt be sent full information regarding sugar beet culture. There is, it is said, profit in raising the sugar beet where there is a ready market for them. To go into the enterprise of making sugar from them requires considerable capital.

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Would some experienced poultry raiser give his or her opinion through THE BLADE as to the best breed as a general purpose fowl? I have the brown Leghorn. They are good layers, but too small for table use. They are are rather of a wild nature and not as hardy as some other breeds.—MRS. M. L. R., Rago, Kan. [The Plymouth Rock, Langshan, Houdan, Dgui Brahma, Wyandotte are good general purpose birds, among others.—ED.]

On the Cultivation of Fruit Trees.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If O. J. Markhan will try strong lye on his trees, I think the borers will not bother them. Put on in the spring. You need not be afraid of having it too strong, the stronger the better. Use an old stub of a broom for putting it on. Whitewashing does not amount to anything.

The spring is the time to set out trees. Dig your holes large, set your trees in and put the manure on the roots. Set them about the same depth that they have been in. Mulch them well with half rotted straw. Keep the grass and weeds from the roots, and the mice will not bother them. Do not allow stock of any kind to run in your orchard at any time. H. Musser speaks of putting tarred paper around the trees. That may be all right. Never wrap with wire, if you do you will ruin the growth of trees surely.—GRANGER, Rudolph, Indiana.

Patrons of Industry.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I will say to J. A. M., of Kentucky, and all to whom it may concern, that we have a farmers' organization in Michigan and several other states. Its name is Patrons of Industry, not Husbandry, as the writer from Fort Huron called them through the columns of THE BLADE. He was correct about the general offices being located at Fort Huron, with Rev. Vertican (Presbyterian) the Supreme President. I know this is a bona fide organization, and is a benefit to the farmers and laborers in many ways. Its object and aim is for the farmers to inform themselves on all the vital questions of the day, especially those that concern themselves. We have a local convention which meets semi-monthly, one mile west of Howard City, and discusses such questions as the following: "The butter question in its various phases;" "wool, its relative nature to both producer and consumer, and what it should be," etc.

This organization is non-partisan, but to every county and convention of every party their delegates are instructed to tell that "the rights of the farmer and laborer must be regarded." The manner in which it expects to reach these objects is by organization, as other professions reach the goal. Women also become members. There are several more important points, but will not weary the editor's patience, but will come again with his permission. Wish I could hear as thorough an explanation by some members of the Farmers' alliance.—MICHIGAN FARMER, Howard City, Mich.

We Can Afford To and Will Print Them.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having a few minutes to spare, will write an article for the poultry column, for we take it as already granted that we shall have a poultry department in the Weekly BLADE, and let me say right here, that we farmers and poultry keepers can afford to find the facts if the editor can afford to print them. We keep hens—not a large number—70 we have this season. Have kept hens for a number of years and find they pay as well as anything kept on a farm. But we have to take care of them. In the first place we provide them with warm quarters to roost in in cold weather, well shut in at night so as to keep the combs or wattles from freezing, however high or large. Why, the idea of cutting off a rooster's comb for fear of freezing—to thus torture a helpless animal. Warm roosts in cold weather, with the same well ventilated in warm weather, is the best way to deal with fowls.

Our chief food for hens is a warm mush, made by pouring hot water on to corn meal. Stir up while hot, putting on enough hot water so the cool will need about the same quantity of wheat middlings or chop to make it nearly as thick as can be stirred with a paddle, and while warm given to the hens, adding a little pepper and grease of some kind or a little chopped meat. I feed milk when possible—warm in cold weather. Keep water by them if obliged to keep them in. I do not let our hens run out on snow, but give them plenty of house room.

We give our hens a goodly quantity of hay or oat chaff for them to scratch in, and they will eat it when deprived of grass. For shells—everything, nearly, that has grit in it, such as burned and pounded oyster and clam shells, road dust, leached ashes, slacked lime—especially after being made into morter—and old plaster from off rooms is excellent, coals out of ashes. But all such stuff should be pounded fine. We keep an iron mortar and pestle for pounding in. Then put in a trough where all can get it. Sand is good put in hen-house by the wagon load. I always keep account of eggs sold, when, who to, and price, but have never been able to keep account of the feed, for the reason that the horses, dog, and many times sheep, are all fed out of the same bin; yet I know hens pay well if so kept as to lay in winter. At some future time will tell how many hundred dozen eggs our hens have laid this last year. We think the brown Leghorn about as much profit here (Southern Central New York) as any hen we know of—small to be sure—still, eggs are what we are after, for being but little home market for chickens. I think eggs pay best.

Wish we could have a small space each week for mutual help. We think E. H. Petts and Mr. Edgerton both know what they are talking about.—MRS. E. BURGDORF, Bennettsville, N. Y.

[A fair amount of space will be devoted to poultry each week, and the editor will be pleased to hear from anyone who has anything of value to offer on the best way to raise poultry, how to cure disease, and how to prevent it, also regarding poultry houses, and the best food. Your manner of feeding is good. A little chopped onion or other vegetables is excellent in soft feed. Soft feed should be made rather thick, as too much water in it causes roup. The Leghorn is a good layer. The objection to them is that they are high fliyers and are too light for a market bird. They mature quickly, however, and make good broilers.—ED.]

An Incubator.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish information for building an incubator. Want to hear from some person who will tell just how they are made.—MOUNTAINEER, Pennsylvania.

The Apple Tree Borer.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In reply to O. J. Markham, Chester, Mich., I herewith give my observation in regard to the nature and treatment of the apple borer. I have been living in Southwest Missouri twelve years, and have paid considerable attention to tree culture; and not until recently did I know of any treatment for the

up in lithographic work and the 30,000 men employed.

H. W. Combs, of New York, representing the manufacturers of sawed foreign hard wood, did not want an increase of duty, but a correction of the treasury ruling of 1887, which admitted sawed mahogany, cedar and other hard woods as lumber. He wanted the same duty imposed that was collected prior to that ruling.

Wm. H. Osborn, of New York, manufacturer of fine paper, such as tissue and other fine wrapping paper, told of the depressing effect of severe competition of European paper makers. He wished the law modified, so as to read: "Paper, known commercially as copying paper, silver paper and all tissue paper, white or colored, weighing on the basis of 480 sheets to twelve pounds, made up into copying books or otherwise, 8 cents a pound and 15 per cent ad valorem." The present duty, he said, was 15 per cent ad valorem, and with the protection requested there was no doubt that all of the paper used here could be produced in the United States.

J. S. Moore, the parsee merchant who has been a familiar figure at tariff hearings for years past, then took the stand and read a paper in support of his well known view.

Mr. John Robertson, representing the cork manufacturers of the United States, asking for specific instead of ad valorem duties on corks—20 cents a pound, instead of 20 per cent ad valorem.

Charles L. Randall, of Boston, representing the mica interests of New Hampshire, said that up to two years ago their business had been fairly profitable, but that since then they have been forced to the wall by the opening up of mica mines in Canada and especially in Asia. He asked a specific duty of $3 per pound on mica.

Henry Van Gilder, of New York, representing the leather interests, said that the growth of undervaluation had been so rapid of late as to threaten the extermination of the domestic leather industry. He wanted a duty of 50 per cent on manufactures of leather and 35 per cent on skives.

E. S. Barrett, of Boston, another leather dealer, told of the evil effects of German competition and undervaluation. He told how foreign agencies had offered to undervalue goods if he would purchase, and that that was a practice that obtained largely in New York. They kept two sets of books to make under valuation easier.

David Clarkson, of New York, spoke briefly of the rapid growth of the importation of sawed marble slabs from Italy, and wanted the tariff so adjusted that the domestic interest would be protected.

Samuel J. Kerr, of Philadelphia, wished the duty on salt maintained at the present figure.

THE GREAT LAKES.

Importance of these Magnificent Waterways for Our Commerce.

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, has developed into a great friend of the waterways. His recent speech in the Senate has placed him on record as a friend of lake interests. The immediate subject of the senator's speech was the bill introduced by him a few days ago making appropriation for improving the St. Mary's river and the Hay Lake channel. This makes the following appropriation:

For improving the Hay Lake channel, Michigan—For continuing and completing the improvements, $1,684,115.

For improving St. Mary's river at the falls, Michigan—Continuing and completing improvements on the new lock, dam and approaches, $3,738,864.

A separate paragraph of the bill provides that for the purpose of securing uninterrupted work on said improvements and the speedy completion thereof, the secretary of war, upon the application of the chief of engineers, is authorized to draw his warrant or requisition from time to time upon the secretary of the treasury for such sums as may be necessary to do such work.

The speedy completion of the great waterway from Buffalo to Duluth has been urged for several years past. The deepening of the channel in the Detroit river, the improvement of the Hay Lake channel, and the building of the immense new locks at Sault Ste Marie, made necessary by the vast and rapidly increasing commerce passing through these locks, are the most important of the works now being prosecuted. The new lock now being constructed at "The Soo" is 100 feet wide and 21 feet deep. The various state delegations interested in the improvements are endeavoring to convince congress that it will be much more economical and more in the interest of good solid work to appropriate the $75,000,000 in a lump sum. For this reason they have introduced the subject in a separate bill, instead of getting it before congress in the usual way by including it in the annual river and harbor bill.

THE SINKING FUND.

Beck's Bill to Suspend Its Operation.

The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Harris, for Mr. Beck, to suspend the operation of the sinking fund, is as follows:

WHEREAS, Congress is officially advised that the total outstanding bonded debt of the United States amounted to $751,163,400 on the 31st of December, 1889, of which $121,367,700, bearing 4½ per cent interest, is payable September 1, 1891, and the remaining $629,795,700 bearing 4 per cent interest is payable after until July 1, 1901; and Congress is further advised that there is now in the treasury of the United States a sum sufficient to pay off all the 4½ per cents due in 1891, and that the surplus revenue collected for the fiscal year 1889 exceeded the ordinary expenditures of the government $105,000,000, and for the year 1890 the surplus is estimated at $92,000,000, and,

WHEREAS, It appears from the official statement that the public debt has been reduced $716,817,819 in excess of the requirements of the sinking fund up to June 30, 1890, and that there is now $40,939,852 deposited without interest at national bank depositories and $39,061,149 remaining in the hands of agents on bonds purchased since August 3, 1887, the premium being now 27 per cent on outstanding 4 per cents, and,

WHEREAS, The maintenance of taxation by law to provide further for a sinking fund under such circumstances is needless, and therefore a wrongful burden on the people; therefore be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that all laws and parts of laws providing for a sinking fund for payment of the principal of the bonds of the United States be and they are hereby suspended until further order of Congress.

INDIAN TREATIES.

Over Two Hundred Thousand Acres Conveyed to the United States.

Final papers of treaty between the United States and the Coeur d'Alene Indians were signed Jan. 8. The treaty conveys 222,000 acres of the most valuable part of the Coeur d'Alene reservation, embracing the largest portion of the beautiful lake of the same name and much rich mineral and fine timber land,

Willis Sweet, associate justice of the Supreme court of Idaho; Col. Wallace, of the town of Wallace, and Maj. George A. Manning acted for the government and Chief Selitts, with eight of his chiefs, represented the Indians. The conference was held at the De Smet mission, on the reservation, and it was short and to the point. The Indians were satisfied, and all signed the treaty willingly.

The papers signed were final for all treaties—the one negotiated in 1887 and also the one of last August. The first treaty includes the land upon which Spokane Falls and Farmington, this state, both stand, but which has never been paid for. The land of the last treaty is a twelve-mile strip on the north side of the reservation, part of which lies across the river from Post Falls.

Trotter Out.

The resignation of Mr. Trotter, the colored recorder of deeds for the district, has been received at the White House, upon a request made by the President. It is supposed a new appointment will be made shortly. An inquiry made by Senator Ingalls has developed the fact that the office has paid $40,000 in fees during Mr. Trotter's incumbency of two years and ten months. A bill is pending in Congress to make the position a salaried one.

Emigration of Negroes.

Senator Butler has indicated his intention to speak this week on his bill providing for the emigration of negroes from the South, at public expense, under the direction of the quartermaster-general of the army. Should he address the Senate on this subject, Senator Ingalls and other Republican Senators will reply.

Meets Favor in Brussels.

The proposition to settle in the Upper Congo country a colony of negroes from the United States meets with much favor at Brussels. It is thought this would greatly facilitate the peaceful introduction of the ideas and methods of industry and commerce of civilized countries. King Leopold and all the Belgian merchants concerned in African trade favor the scheme.

The Alaska Bill.

Senator Plumb has introduced a bill to repeal so much of the act of July 1, 1870, as authorizes the leasing of the rights to engage in taking fur seals from the islands of St. Paul and St. George, Alaska. The bill provides that all the authority heretofore conferred upon the secretary of the treasury to lease the rights of the seal fisheries to any company, be repealed, and that the lease existing between the Alaska Commercial company and the government be terminated.

Leedom to Catch Silcott.

Ex-Sergeant-at-Arms John P. Leedom has come to the conclusion that there is no great anxiety on the part of the House of Representatives to capture the absent cashier, so he has had prepared a circular containing full and accurate descriptions of Silcott and his feminine partner, Herminie.

Five thousand of these circulars are to be strewn broadcast through a private detective agency of Washington. In this connection it may be interesting to state that only one hundred copies of the reward circular issued by order of the House ever found their way into circulation.

The Ballot Box Fraud.

The preparations for the ballot box forgery investigation, have been completed by Chairman Mason. The sergeant-at-arms has received telegraphic responses from all the witnesses summoned, with the exception of Wood; and unless that gentleman was heard from on the 14th a special deputy will be sent to insure his presence here, as Governor Campbell has asked that, on account of the pressure of official business, he be allowed to remain in Ohio until Monday, and his petition has been granted.

A Stop in the Proceedings.

Senator Hiscock's special committee on the Quadri-centennial will not hold a meeting until the latter part of the week. This postponement is made necessary by the delays in getting the reports of the hearings last week printed.

The Sioux Reservation.

The proclamation to open the Dakota Sioux reservation has been prepared, and will be issued some time this week. This will add to the public domain about 11,000,000 acres of land.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Latest List Sent in by the President.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8. — The president sent the following nominations of postmasters to the senate to-day:

B. Wilson Smith at Lafayette, Ind.; Oliver Tichenor, Princeton, Ind.; George Z. Wood, Mitchell, Ind.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations on January 14:

Benjamin S. Baker, of Nebraska, to be United States attorney, district of Nebraska.

Postmasters—E. C. McBride, Dixon, Cal.; Jonas W. Fee, Calistoga, Cal.; D. W. Irwin, Akron, Col.; Benjamin F. Dysart, Franklin Grove, Ill.; Freeman D. Rosebrook, Rock Falls, Ill.; Hugh A. White, Mount Ayr, Ia.; James N. Ellis, Sac City, Ia.; Horace P. Bogue, Bismarck, N. D.; Sylvester J. Small, Casselton, North Dakota; L. P. Jenkins, Lead city, S. D.; Wm. I Anderson, Flatskins, S. D.; Allen Sampson, Woonsocket, S. D.; John B. Nugent, Menoksha, Wis.; Sidney E. Shepard, Mineral Point, Wis.; Martin P. Rindlaub, Prattville, Wis.; Christopher Hill, Shawano, Wis.; Wm. Knelling, Shullsburg, Wis.

Treasury—Joseph Cook, of Michigan, to be supervising inspector of steam vessels, eighth district; Henry G. Heffron, surveyor of customs, port of Denver, Col.; Edward P. Danforth, naval officer of customs in the district of California.

To be collectors of internal revenue, Wm. Sears, First district, California; Christopher Mamer, First district, Illinois.

Collectors of customs: John N. Clark, district of Chicago; Tomlinson F. Johnson, Savannah, Ga.; George H. Hopkins, Detroit; Frank A. Stewart, Southern district, Oregon; A. Taylor, district of Oregon; Marco B. Gary, district of Cuyahoga, Ohio; Charles F. Johnson, district of Duluth, Minn.

Interior—Receivers of public moneys—A. J. Wiley, at Humboldt, Cal.; Otis Perrin, Stockton, Cal.; Frank R. Farr, Eau Claire, Wis.; Charles U. Snider, Lakeview, Ore.

Registers of land offices—Ozro A. Bowen, at Yancouver, Washington Territory; Lyman P. Hotchkiss, at Eau Claire, Wis.

Indian agents—Egbert Nasholds, at the Lembi agency, Idaho; Jose Segura, at Pueblo agency, N. M.

CONFIRMATIONS.

The Senates Indorses a Batch of Harrison's Appointees.

The Senate has confirmed the following nominations:

J. R. G. Pitkin, of Louisiana, minister to the Argentine republics. Clark E. Carr, of Illinois, minister and consul-general to Denmark; Wm. W. Bates, of New York, commissioner of navigation; Samuel V. Halliday, of Pennsylvania, commissioner of customs; Richard G. Lay, of District of Columbia, consul-general to Odessa.

Consuls—James F. Harrigan, of District of Columbia, at Trieste; Aulick Palmer, of District of Columbia, at Dresden; Edward A. Pinnnick, of Massachusetts, at Barbadoes; Henry H. Upham, collector of customs, Oswego, N. Y. Appraisers of Merchandise—Donald McLean, general appraiser of merchandise, New York City; Charles F. Kimball, Detroit; Lyne S. Metcalfe, St. Louis; James S. Burdsall, Cincinnati.

John Fehrenbach, of Ohio, supervising inspector of steam vessels, Seventh district; William P. Hepburne, Iowa, solicitor of the treasury; Charles Zane, chief justice of the Supreme court of Utah.

District Attorneys—Isaac N. Alexander, Northern Ohio; Eugene C. Hay, Minnesota.

Receivers of Public Moneys—Alfred A. Tuffts, Camden, Ark.; Charles R. Drake, Tucson, Ariz.; Wm. H. Baker, Fayetteville, Ark.; Thomas D. Baumgartner, Danville, Ark.; Hoyt Sherman, jr., Salt Lake City; Horace B. Williams, Springfield, Mo.; I. Lee Knight, Topeka, Kan.

Registers of Land Office—Patrick Raleigh, Little Rock, Ark.; Herbert Brown, Tucson, Ariz.; Wm. McCracken, Booneville, Mo.; James R. Hudson, Camden, Ark.

Collectors of Internal Revenue—Albert B. White, West Virginia; John Hekseten, Fourth district, Michigan; Claybourne J. Walton, pension agent at Louisville.

Indian agents—J. S. Murphy, Fort Berthold, N. D.; Horatio T. Rust, Tule River, Cal.; L. B. Miles, of Iowa, Osage agency, I. T.; C. C. Lackey, Warm Springs, Ore.; Say Buford, Siletz, Ore.; J. C. Catlin, Blackfoot Agency, Mont.; H. J. Cole, Coleville, Wash.; T. N. Falconer, Grande Ronde, Ore.; Michael A. Leahy, La Ponte, Wis.; John P. McGinn, Neah Bay, Wash.; Thomas J. Moore, of Missouri, Quinpaw, I. T.; W. I. Plumb, Western Shoshone Agency, Nevada; Benjamin P. Shuler, White Earth, Minn.; Walter L. Stabler, Yakoma, Wash.; Cornelius W. Crouse, of Indiana, Pine Agency, Arizona; Charles E. Adams, of Maryland, Kiowa Agency, I. T.; E. E. Applegate, Klamath Agency, Oregon; Robert B. Ashley, Omaha and Winnebago Agency, Neb.; Joseph F. Bennett, Mescalero Agency, N. M.; Leo E. Bennett, Union Agency, I. T.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Deliberations By the Two Houses In Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—Among the bills presented and referred was one by Mr. Blair, to provide for a world's exposition at the national capital in 1892.

Mr. Voorhees offered a preamble and resolution reciting the newspaper report that Mr. Chambers, United States district attorney at Indianapolis, had interfered in his official capacity, to prevent the arrest of W. W. Dudley on a charge of feloniously violating the election laws of Indiana at the last presidential election; and directing the attorney-general to report what instructions the department of justice had issued to Chambers on the subject, and to furnish copies of the correspondence. The resolution went over.

In the House.

Mr. Snyder, of Minnesota, presented a memorial of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, for adequate appropriations for the Sault Ste. Marie canal, which was referred.

After a lengthy debate on the question of rules, the House went into committee of the whole for the consideration of District of Columbia matters.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The Senate to-day devoted all its time to a speech by Mr. Voorhees, taking to task United States Attorney Chambers, of Indianapolis, for his action in the case of Dudley and his blocks of five.

In the House considered District of Columbia affairs.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—In the House a joint resolution for the erection of a statue to the memory of the late Samuel J. Tilden was presented and read as follows:

Resolved, That there be appropriated from the treasury of the United States the sum of $50,000 to erect a bronze statue of the late Samuel J. Tilden, to be placed in the center of the rotunda of the capitol. That on a tablet at the front base of said statue there shall be conspicuously engraved these words: "Samuel J. Tilden, nineteenth president of the United States—elected but not seated." (Applause on the Democratic side). That on the right of the square base shall be engraven the date of birth, election and death of such president, and that on the opposite side shall be engraven an eagle with a snake in his talons, and under them these words: "For the right."

Resolved, That the President of the United States, the chief justice of the Supreme court, the president of the Senate and the speaker of the House be authorized to superintend the expenditure of the money, and that a copy of these resolutions with the names and titles of said dignitaries be engraven on the rear of said base.

Mr. Sweney, Dem., inquired whether or the gentlemen expected the inscriptions to be in cipher (applause on the Republican side).

After the introduction of numerous bills the House went into committee of the whole on the Oklahoma town site bill.

In the Senate the Alaska question was discussed at length.

Pig Iron Collapsed.

There was a collapse in the pig iron market at Glasgow on January 10, owing to large selling orders. Scotch warrants have fallen 1s, and Cleveland warrants 1s 6d, and a further drop is expected.

FOREIGN.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.

The Latter Country Has to Yield, but With Bad Gaace.

Mr. Glynn Petre, the English minister, at Lisbon, on Saturday imparted to Senhor Gomes, minister of foreign affairs, England's ultimatum, demanding the recall of the Portuguese forces, officials and expeditions of every kind, from the banks of the Shire, beyond the confluence of the Rus and south of the Zambesi, and from Mashonaland. If Portugal failed to reply in twenty-four hours, the British legation would board the Enchantress and await a reply at Vigo.

The King immediately convened the cabinet council to consider the ultimatum. The government replied to Minister Glynn Petre that Portugal, yielding to strong pressure from a power of the first rank, being too weak to withstand it, would order the withdrawal of the Portuguese from the Shire and Mashonaland, while reserving all rights to the Portuguese crown in those territories. It is asserted that this decision was further influenced by reports of an intention on the part of the British to make naval demonstrations at Quillimane, Delagoa Bay and St. Vincent.

The Cabinet Resigns.

The Portuguese cabinet resigned on Jan. 13. Senator Pimental, the Liberal conservative leader, voted with the minority at the meeting of the council when the demands of England were acceded to. The minority was in favor of evacuating the Shire district, but opposed the demands made by England unless that country submitted the dispute to arbitration for both. There was much excitement in the city. Crowds paraded the streets that night crying "viva Pinto" and "viva Portugal."

TWO HUNDRED DEAD.

A Frightful Accident In a Chinese Theater.

Meager particulars are received of the theater collapse in Shantung, China, reported by telegraph from Shanghai, Dec. 3 It appears that the accident occurred at Hanting, east of Shantung, October 13 last. The temple where the performance was being held stands on a high terrace in the middle of the town.

A hill was once there, but it has all been cut away except a portion on which the temple stands. During the performance the entire wall gave away, either from being defective or from the great pressure above, and the whole mass of the men, women and children were hurled to the street below. Groans and shrieks rent the air. The people who had first fallen, some of whom had escaped with only bruises, were killed outright a moment later by their comrades falling upon them.

Many died of suffocation and others, momentarily stunned, met death by being trampled upon by their fellows while trying to escape. All this time immense blocks of stone and concrete from the broken wall fell with deadly force. Heads were burst open, bodies crushed, arms and legs broken, and in a number of cases almost severed from the body. A total of 200 dead bodies have been taken from the ruins, and it is thought that the list of the dead may number 250.

SPAIN'S INFANT KING.

He is Seriously Ill—The Prospect of Trouble.

There was much excitement all through Spain on January 10, and in Madrid the streets were full of people whose only topic of conversation was the condition of the young king. The infant suffered from another attack during the night, but later the attack decreased in severity, and there was a slight improvement in his condition.

There is much uneasiness expressed in official circles concerning the active and sedentary reserves, for it is currently reported that they are in sympathy with a move to make Spain a republic and once more revive the days of Marshal Serrano, who was president in 1874.

The Young King of Spain Shows Some Improvement.

The condition of the King on the morning of Jan. 11, was more favorable. He slept at intervals during the night. He took a small quantity of soup. A special mass for the recovery of the King was celebrated at 2 o'clock that morning in the private chapel of the palace.

THE DEAD EMPRESS.

The Body Lying in State in the Chapel of the Schloss.

The body of Empress Augusta is laid in state in the chapel of the Schloss. The chapel was opened to the public, and a large number of persons moved past the coffin taking a last look at the remains.

The will of the dead empress has been made public.

She bequeaths her palaces at Berlin and Babelsberg to Emperor William. To her daughter, the grand duchess of Baden, she leaves the sum of 4,000,000 marks, and she leaves legacies to her servants and to a large number of charitable and religious bodies.

Stanley in Cairo.

Henry M. Stanley and his party did not stop over at Suez as it was reported they would, but proceeded for Cairo, where they arrived on January 14. They were greeted upon their arrival here by Gen. Sir France Drenfell, commander of the Egyptian troops, and Sir Evelyn Baring, the British consul-general.

London Imports.

The returns issued by the London, Eng., board of Trade show that during the month of December, the imports in creased £330,000 and the exports increased £2,090,000 as compared with the corresponding month in 1884.

Dr. Doellinger Dead.

Dr. Doellinger, the head of the "old Catholic" movement in Southern Germany and one of the famous opponents of the doctrine of papal Infallibility, died at Munich on Jan. 11. He was taken with influenza about ten days since.

Declared Bankrupt.

Thorston Nordenfelt, civil engineer and anager of the Maxim Nordenfelt Gun and Ammunition company, of London, Eng., has been declared a bankrupt. His liabilities amount to £50,000.

GENERAL NEWS.

DEATH IN A CAISSON.

A Frightful Accident at Louisville on January 10.

A terrible accident occurred at Louisville at 6 o'clock p. m., on January 10 It was nearly time for work to stop all over the city and workingmen were expected home by their families when the report spread rapidly that there was a wreck or crash of some kind at the new bridge now under construction between Louisville and Jeffersonville. It was first reported that a span of the bridge had fallen and a gang of men had been thrown into the river, but this was at once discredited, as there was no span in existence.

Then came the truth that a caisson had given way, and the workmen employed in it had been drowned or crushed to death by stone and timbers. The caisson known as No. 1 was about 100 yards from the Kentucky shore. As the workmen of the pumping station were looking for the men in the caisson to put off in their boats, leaving work for the night, they suddenly saw the low dark structure disappear in the dashing white waves and heard, before they could realize what had happened, the roar of the furious maelstrom.

A runner was dispatched to the life-saving station and three skiffs were manned and pulled to the scene of the wreck.

Word was sent to the police station and a squad was at once ordered to the ground to aid in the work of recovery. The coroner was called and went with a corps of physicians.

The site of the bridge is at the upper end of the city, just below Towhead Island. Within an hour from the disappearance of the caisson 3,000 people were on the shore, and strained their eyes trying to see something of the wreckage.

Dozens of boats were plying about on the spot where the caisson had stood and lights danced to and fro with them, but there was no trace of the massive structure of stone and timber which had kept off the hungry river, to promise any hope to the anguish-stricken mothers and wives who stood in the throng on the shore. The water rolled sullenly but smoothly down from the cofferdam above the pumping barge below where the caisson had stood. It was soon known that only four of the eighteen men who were at work at that time had escaped.

Corrected reports from the scene of the accident show that fourteen men were drowned, only three others escaping.

DEATH OF JUDGE KELLEY.

The "Father of the House" Passed Away —Sketch of His Life.

The country mourns the death of Judge Wm. D. Kelley, who, from his long service in the lower House of Congress, is referred to as the father of the House of Representatives. His death took place at 6:20 o'clock on Jan. 9. At his bedside were Mrs. Kelley and his daughter, Mrs. F. O. Herstman; his sons, William D. Kelley, jr., and A. B. Kelley; Dr. Stanton, his attending physician, and J. H. Weirick, his private secretary. His death was painless, and to the watchers at his bedside he seemed to have fallen into a deep and peaceful sleep.

The immediate cause of Judge Kelley's death was intestinal catarrh, brought on by a cold contracted during Christmas week. For some years, however, he had been almost a constant sufferer from a cancerous growth in the side of the face, which was removed about six years ago by a surgical operation.

The relief thus obtained was only temporary, and since that time it has developed so rapidly during the past year that it must soon have conquered him had he not earlier fell a victim to the catarrhal affection. He was nearly 76 years old, and during the latter years of his life his general health has not been good, so that he easily fell a victim to the weakening influence of disease.

[Judge Kelley was born in Philadelphia, April 12, 1814. His grandfather, John Kelley, served as an officer in the revolutionary war. Having lost his father at an early age, he learned the printer's trade, and later served an apprenticeship to a jeweler in Boston. In 1840 he returned to Philadelphia and began the study of law, and a year later was admitted to the bar, and while practicing his profession devoted much time to literary pursuits. He was elected Attorney-General of Pennsylvania in 1845, and in 1846 was judge of the court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia. In 1860 he was a delegate to the National Republican convention, and in the same year was elected to Congress, where he remained continuously until his death. During his period of service in Congress he was a member of numerous committees of the House, and chairman of some of the most important, notably the committee on ways and means. He had served in the lower House longer than any other member, and for this reason was often called "the father of the House." He was for many years known as "Pig-Iron Kelley." He was at one time a free-trader, but later became an ardent protectionist and wrote several works in opposition to the free trade theory. Among his works are "Protection or a Modification of the Theory of Free Trade and Adopting the Principles of Protection to American Industry," "Letters on Industrial and Financial Questions," and "The New South."]

Judge Kelley's Funeral.

Long before the hour of noon of the 11th, the galleries of the House were filled with spectators anxious to do honor to the memory of a man who had for so many years been a prominent member of that body.

A few moments before the house was called to order the members of the Senate without formal announcement, entered the chamber and quietly took seats in the body of the hall. A sable-covered bier stood in front of the clerk's desk, and a handsome floral tribute was placed near by.

At 12:10 the officiating clergymen, Drs. Butler and Cuthbert, entered the hall, reading the beginning of the burial service. They were followed by the committees of the Senate and House having charge of the ceremonies, and then amid a solemn hush, the magnificent casket containing the remains of William D. Kelley was placed on the bier.

The family of the deceased were then escorted to the seats provided for them, close to the casket. The burial service was read by Dr. Butler, and prayer was offered by Dr. Cuthbert.

Consigned to The Tomb.

The remains of Wm. D. Kelley were consigned to the tomb at Philadelphia on January 13. There was little show or display, privacy and quiet being insisted upon by the members of the dead man's family. At the residence of Mrs. Horstman, the daughter of the deceased statesman at 3952 Chestnut street, where the body lay in state, few persons were admitted, and they only the immediate relatives, a few close friends and a congressional committee appointed to attend the funeral. There were services at the Unitarian church. Interment was in North Laurel Hill cemetery.

Other Deaths.

On Jan. 6, in Texas, Gen. T. C. Jordan, an ex-Confederate officer; in New York city, Aaron Claflin, a well-known merchant, aged 83; in Washington, Dr. Chas. McMillan, medical referee of the pension bureau; in Philadelphia, Rev. Henry W. Lyle, the first deaf mute preacher in America, aged 43; in Rochester, N. Y., ex United States Senator Elbridge G. Lapham, aged 76; in Washington, Rear Admiral William Radford, U. S. N.; in New York city, Jan. 8, Rezin A. Wright, a well-known author, aged 53; ex-Gov. George I. Woods, of Oregon, is dead; in Washington, Prof. J. H. Coffin, U. S. N., aged 75; in New York city, Lieut. Henry Whiting, U. S. Marine Corps; Prof. Von Hase, the eminent professor of theology at Halle, and Prof. Nasse, professor of political economy at Bonn, are dead; at Philadelphia, Charles William Phillip, head of the Austrian house of Auersperg, aged 76; at Goettingen, Prof. Wilhelm Conrad Mueller, the German philologist, aged 78; Westland Marston, the veteran English dramatist, is dead.

THE STANDARD LOST.

George Rice Won His Suit Against the Great Monopoly.

Judge O'Brien at New York, on Jan. 8, gave judgment in favor of George Rice, in his fight with the Standard oil trust. Some months ago Mr. Rice purchased in open market five Standard oil trust certificates. He also received an additional share as a stock dividend on his five shares.

The certificates remained in the name of the person from whom Mr. Rice purchased them, and notwithstanding repeated efforts to have them transferred to his name on the books, the trust refused to comply with his demands. Then he began suit in the Supreme court against John D. Rockefeller and other trustees of the trust to compel them to transfer the certificates to him on their books and also to pay the dividends to him and accord him all legal rights as a certificate holder. The suit came to trial six weeks ago, and the defense was that Rice had not established his title to the certificates, and that plaintiff was hostile to defendants, having purchased the certificates for the purpose of harassing and annoying the trust; that Rice had instituted several suits to annoy defendants and that he had offered to drop the proceedings if the trust paid him $550,000 for his oil refinery at Marietta, O. Plaintiff denied that he brought actions to harass the trust but admits that he did institute actions in the west against certain railroad companies for unjust discrimination in favor of the Standard Oil company and the trust in the matter of freight rates. Judge O'Brien, in giving judgment in favor of Mr. Rice, says he has established his right to become a partner under the trust agreement. As to the suits against the railroads and others the judge holds they were justified by the unjust discrimination in freight. At any rate Judge O'Brien says in substance that even if these suits were unjustifiable, that fact should not have been put forth as a reason to deprive the plaintiff of his rights.

An Indiana Incident Attracting Much Attention.

There was an exciting incident at the Church street school house, Decatur, Ill., on January 10, when Mrs. R. Bullett, matron for the Home for the Friendless at Indianapolis, Ind., and Mrs. Henry Krugh, of the same city, appeared there, it was supposed, to carry away little Fannie Koder, aged 6 years, a member of the family of Henry Belk.

The child is a waif, and was taken out of the Home when an infant, by Mrs. Krugh, when she was Mrs. Koder. She kept the child three years, and then it was placed in charge of the mother of the divorced husband, who gave it to her daughter, Mrs. Henry Belk.

The last woman now refuses to surrender the child without legal process. Marshal Mason appeared at the school house at the instance of Belk, and subsequently Mayor Kernan and the city attorney conferred with the parties. The visiting ladies left for Indianapolis that night, stating that they would return for the child.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY'S STORM

Reports From Various Sections of the Country.

The rain storm of Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12, gave place to a gale at Chicago, which raged with great force and velocity all night, and which only diminished with the advent of colder weather. While during part of Sunday the thermometer was between 50 and 60 above zero, it began falling rapidly late Sunday night, and at an early hour Monday morning marked only 18 above.

The signal service bureau reports the storm general and telegraphic advices from the West, Northwest and Southwest fully corroborate this report.

The rain and wind storm reached its height in Chicago, at 6 o'clock Sunday evening at which time it was unsafe to be exposed to the fury of the blast. The wind came in huge waves, which roared and swirled through the streets, dashing the rain into blinding spray. Occasionally the tempest approached the fury of a tornado. Persons foolish enough to tempt the storm with the scant protection of an umbrella were drenched to the skin and their umbrellas blown into shreds.

During the height of the storm the wind reached a velocity of 40 miles an hour. There were undoubtedly moments when this figure was exceeded. Nearly an inch of rain fell during the hours from 4:30 to 7:30 p. m. The barometer at 8:30 registered 29.28, a fall of .75 during the day. This is one of the most remarkable drops recorded in the local office for years.

It was after midnight when the rapid fall of temperature began, and persons who retired in an apparently tropical climate, were surprised, on awakening, in the morning, to observe the ground covered lightly with snow and to feel the chill of what seemed to be an Arctic climate—so sudden had been the change.

Reports from Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas indicate about the same weather in those states, the only variation being that the blizzard is more intense and the snow much deeper in the North.

St. Louis Struck by the Heavy Gale and Badly Crippled.

St. Louis was visited by a heavy rain and thunder-storm between 3 and 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon which assumed a cyclone form in a considerable proportion. The track of the heaviest wind was through the central part of the city from a southerly direction to a little east of north. Several church steeples were damaged, and one, that of the German Lutheran church on Fifteenth and Morgan streets, was blown entirely off almost down to the base. Many houses were unroofed, chimneys, walls, trees and telegraph poles blown down.

The Hodgen school, on California avenue, near Lafayette; Missouri Pacific hospital, at California and Eads avenues; German Lutheran church, Fourteenth and Morgan; Second Presbyterian church, Seventeenth and Lucas Place; Goodwin's candle factory, at Twentieth and Poplar; Anchor mills, at Twenty-first and Randolph; Fullman car shops, at Twenty-first and Scott avenue; house No. 2009 Eugenia street, At Twenty-third and Gratiot streets the entire walls of an unoccupied brick house was cut away as if with an axe.

A man named John Charles was hurled from a wagon which was overturned and thrown across the street and against the front of a house. Charles received severe injuries about the head.

A residence on Papin street, just east of Jefferson avenue, had the entire roof blown away and the side wall dashed in. Mr. Bernd's residence on the northeast corner of Twenty-first and Randolph, lost its roof and had other damages.

No. 2608 Rutger street, occupied by William Bernd, had the roof blown off.

The George Elmans's Hop and Malt company's plant at Twenty-second and Scott avenue, had the elevator walls and part of the elevator roof totally destroyed.

House at 2222 Gratiot street, badly wrecked.

Doors 2212 to 2220 Gratiot street, owned by the Walters estate, one of them occupied by John Walters, chimneys, fire walls and roofs blown away.

Residence 2300 Papy street, roof taken off.

House 2108 Adams street, owned by William Grace, and occupied by Mrs. Addis, almost completely wrecked.

The dead walls of the old Harrison wire mills at Twenty-third and Chouteau avenue were blown down and filled the vacant lot of an entire block with the debris.

Roof and wall of Fo. 242 South Twenty-first street blown away.

Brooklyn, a village of about 500 people, seems to have suffered most, as the damage at East St. Louis and at Venice was largely confined to railroad property and small dwellings and telegraph and telephone poles. Brooklyn is about three miles north of East St. Louis. Its population is largely composed of colored people. At 8 p. m. it was reported in East St. Louis that the little village had been swept off the face of the earth. It proves not quite so bad as that, though bad enough, and though several were injured no lives were lost. The Baptist church is demolished and the M. E. church, a frame building, is unroofed.

At Bellevue, Ill., several public buildings were unroofed but no one injured.

Litchfield, Ill., is also reported as having suffered severely by the storm.

CAMPBELL INAUGURATED.

He Became Governor of Ohio on January 12.

Governor-elect James E. Campbell, of Ohio, took the oath of office at noon on January 13. His message to the general assembly is comparatively brief and touches upon a number of subjects of state and local interest. He recommends that home rule be restored to all cities as speedily as possible and enters into detail as to the needs at Cincinnati.

He strongly commends the system of ballot reform commonly called the Australian system and sketches briefly the success with which it has met in other countries and states. The argument that it would be a hardship to illiterate voters is substantially answered, and the conclusion reached that public sentiment is not educated to the point, and any attempt to enact such a law now would probably prove futile.

Governor Foraker's Future.

Governor Foraker will go to Cincinnati at once to resume the law practice which he gave up to become governor. It is said that he goes out of the office a poorer man, financially, than he was when he went into it, and the statement is made by a person who says he knows what he is talking about, and who probably does. Politics has not yielded much to Governor Foraker. He is too honorable a man and too straightforward in his ways to make a dollar in a way that is at all dubious. Enough legal business is already secured to him to enable him to live comfortably, and as he is a really brilliant lawyer he will undoubedly find life more agreeable out of politics than in it.

Alice Jackman's Latest Abduction Did Not Occur.

Alice Jackman, the 14-year old St. Louis, Mo., heiress, who figured in two sensational abduction cases, and who claimed to have been abducted last Sunday night by three men, one of whom she named as Charley Brouthers, has confessed that her story was untrue and made out of whole cloth.

"Sunday night I went after a pail of beer for Cousin Mollie (Mrs. C. C. Spink), and I concluded I would go over and see Mrs. Brouthers, my former guardian. I got as far as Lafayette Park, when I lost courage, loosened my shoes and started back across the city to Mr. Al. Spink's. I don't know why I told the story I did, but I wanted an excuse. That's all there is to it."

It will be remembered that Miss Jackman was abducted some weeks since from Wm. Brouther's house, near Lafayette park, by the Spinks, who are relatives, and taken to the house of the Good Shepherd and from there to Woodlawn, Ill., where she was left with grain dealer Ives, of Chicago, until she voluntarily returned to St. Louis, and in open court accepted Mr. John G. Taylor as her guardian, in preference to Mr. Brouthers, saying she was permitted to live with her cousin, Mrs. C. C. Spink. It is thought the girl's head has been turned by her sensational experiences.

The Band of Faith Healers in Trouble — General News.

The Pentecost band of faith healers are in trouble at Tuscola, Illinois. The citizens living in the vicinity of the church where they hold orthf having become provoked by their boisterous way of holding meetings, which continue up to 2 o'clock in the morning, on Jan. 10 had warrants issued for the arrest of some twenty of the band, including the Rev. Vivian A. Dake, the originator and founder of the Pentecost band; the Rev. Thos Wilson, another high priest; the Rev. I. A Uiness, the Rev. Chas. Bryant, the Rev Frederick Osborne and a number of the young women who travel with them. Over fifty witnesses have been summoned on the side of the prosecution.

A CHURCH FALLS.

Five Persons Crushed to Death and Two Others Injured.

An appalling disaster occurred in Brooklyn on Jan. 9. The heavy winds of the previous night shook the new Presbyterian church, at 296 Throop avenue, to its foundation, and at 4:30 in the morning one of the walls fell with a crash on a three-story frame building adjoining, and brought with it death and destruction.

The ruined building was tenanted by the Mott and Purdy families. Five of them were dead. Two were carried out of the ruins so seriously injured that their death is expected.

Dr. Lewis R. Foote is pastor. The tenants in the little frame house adjoining were alarmed, last night, by the manner in which the church walls shook and rattled. Their own dwelling was considerably shaken, and it was with fear and trembling that they retired.

Twice during the night some of the inmates were aroused by the roaring wind, but every one was in bed and asleep when the disaster occurred this morning. The heavy brick wall of the church fell suddenly with a crash and in a heap tant bore through the cockelshell structure adjoining like a battering ram. The dwelling seemed to part in twain and instantly the shrieks and groans of the injured startled the residents for blocks about.

The noise of the falling wall attracted the attention of a policeman, and he sent in a fire alarm and summoned the reserve from a